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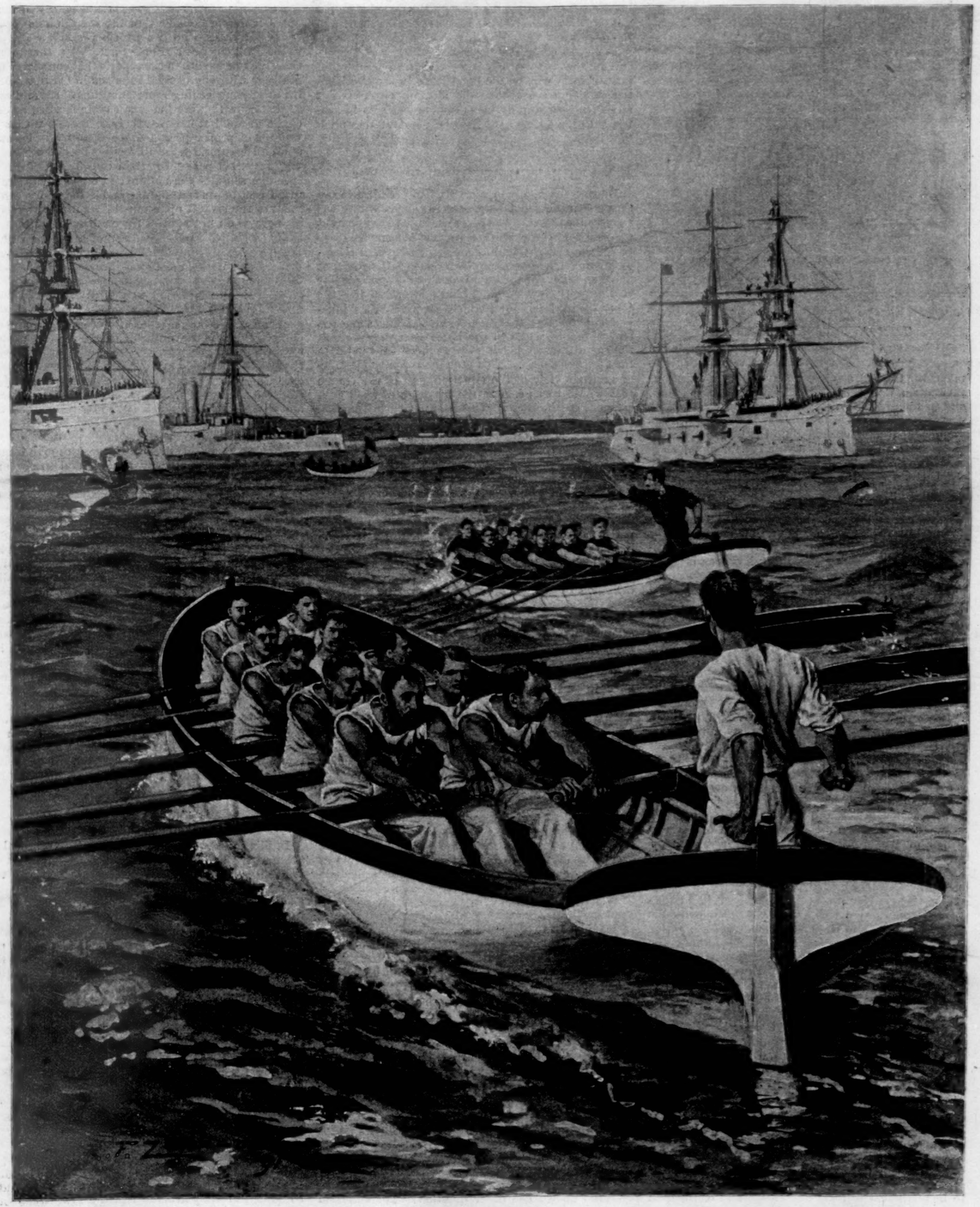

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THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections has been interpreted in many ways. But it is always very difficult to make the facts fit any particular theory. Elections turn upon many and often very irrelevant issues, and in the present political situation, when the same party, as in Massachusetts, declares the soundest views upon the currency, and in Ohio the unsoundest, it is plain that in those States a vote for the same party is not a vote for the same policy. So, as we show elsewhere, a vote for Mr. MCKINLEY in Ohio is not necessarily to be interpreted as a vote for protection, because it may have been only a protest against free silver. Scriptural texts may be quoted to sustain almost any theological doctrine, and elections may be interpreted as illustrations of the most inconsonant political theories. One thing, however, is plain. There has been some reaction against the Democratic sweep of last year. The Republicans have elected the Governor of Ohio and the chief officers nominated in Pennsylvania, and with that result Governors CAMPBELL and PATTISON disappear from "prominent mention" at the National Convention of their party; while Governor BOIES, re-elected in Iowa, and Governor RUSSELL, re-elected in Massachusetts, as leaders of the new Democracy, rise into national distinction.

In New York the election of Mr. FLOWER by a plurality approaching 50,000 completes the work of the Democratic Convention by the recognition of Tammany Hall as the controlling power of the party in the State. The Democracy of the State has approved Tammany as the sole representative organization of the Democratic party in the city where the Democratic vote lies, and in which its victories are won. This has been done by the union of the two wings of the party. How fully the Tammany ascendency is acknowledged is shown by the editorial statement in the New York *Times* that the election has turned over ballot reform "to Democratic agencies for its completion, and it will be promptly completed if Mr. CROKER continues in his present mood as to the disadvantages of the paster ballot." This result was evident throughout the campaign to those who did not choose to be blind. It was plain that the success of Mr. FLOWER would turn over all reforms to the present or future moods of Mr. CROKER, the chief boss of Tammany Hall, which was, as doubtless it still is, the most implacable foe of honest elections. It is not to its friends, nor to the Legislature, nor even to the Governor, that the election, according to the *Times*, has intrusted ballot reform, and, of course, every other reform, but to the mood of Mr. RICHARD CROKER. There could be no franker admission that the election of Mr. FLOWER, whatever else it may signify, means the confirmation of the power of Tammany Hall.

The striking fact in the New York election is the diminution of the Democratic vote in the city, and of the Republican vote in the State. The first is to be attributed to local knowledge and consequent distrust of Tammany Hall, both among Democrats and independents. The second was a great surprise. The rural Republican vote was expected to be unusually large this year, but it proved to be unprecedentedly small. The contrast with the vote for WARNER MILLER in 1888 is remarkable. Two theories are offered in explanation; one, that the farmers are becoming tariff reformers; the other, that they think "TOM PLATT" as bad as Tammany Hall. No evidence is offered, however, to sustain either view. But whether either or both explanations are correct, or whether the diminution of the rural vote was due to mere apathy, it is equally a bad sign for the Republican party. There is no doubt, of course, that Mr. FASSETT's chances were injured by his close political connection with Mr. PLATT, by his own indiscretions in the canvass, and by the alleged indifference of the administration because he did not make the tariff the issue of the campaign. So strong was the conviction that "TOM PLATT" was "as bad as Tammany" that, as between Tammany and PLATT, many independent voters felt themselves to be between the devil and the deep sea. The general result in the State is favorable to Democratic hopes for next year. The result in the country offers no reason to doubt that tariff reform will be the chief issue in the Presidential campaign; nor have the autumn elections left any Democrat so prominent that he is likely to contest with Mr. CLEVELAND the party nomination upon that issue.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

DURING the late campaign we had occasion to say that political independence does not mean voting the Democratic ticket. The occasion lay in the apparent surprise that those who for various reasons had supported, and might again support, a Democratic candidate for the Presidency should not therefore at another time support a Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Yet in 1885 and in 1888 the journals in New York which are known as independent favored the Republican candidate for the Governorship, while in the latter year they were at the same time supporting the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. This year those journals differed in their view of the situation, and of the course that would best promote the interests of good government in the State. This was not surprising, because every independent voter was compelled to choose between two parties, neither of which represented collectively his views upon the prominent public questions of the time, and his choice was determined by his sense of the relative importance of certain issues. Moreover, in the selection of candidates he had no choice. This is, of course, a necessary condition of the transitional situation when a party has exhausted its original impulse by achieving its purpose.

In this view there was no more interesting or suggestive speech during the late campaign than that delivered by Mr. MOORFIELD STOREY, of Boston, before the Reform Club at Cambridge. Mr. STOREY was one of the most sagacious of the Massachusetts mugwumps of 1884, but, unlike some of his associates, he has not found the fact that he agrees with the Democratic party upon tariff reform a sufficient reason for identifying himself with that party. In his opinion there are several public questions of immediate importance which cannot be subordinated wisely to any one, and upon all of which the position of no existing party is satisfactory. These questions are civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, and honest elections. Mr. STOREY, in a singularly lucid and conclusive review, proves incontestably that neither party as a party is seriously for civil service reform or honest money or honest elections, while the Democratic party is undoubtedly for tariff reform. The result is that the independent who is such for the reason that neither party is in earnest except upon the tariff, can therefore only vote at each election with those who, upon the immediate questions of that election, best represent his views. This year he would have voted probably with the Democrats in Massachusetts, with the Republicans in Maryland, with the Democrats in Pennsylvania, he would hardly know with which in New York, and in Ohio according to his belief that tariff reform or honest money was the more important issue.

This survey leads Mr. STOREY to the significant question whether all the voters in the country who agree upon the importance of the four questions mentioned, and who have strong convictions upon them, must continue to do nothing but wait until existing parties have taken their positions and nominated their candidates, and then choose between two evils. Shall independent voters do nothing to influence the councils and select the candidates of the parties which do not divide upon the real questions of the day? Shall a civil service reformer identify himself with a party which despises the reform, or a friend of honest money with a party which is permeated with financial heresy, merely because it is a party of tariff reform, or because the other party may be as unsound upon some other question? The situation is unnatural, and probably unnecessary. Why, then, asks Mr. STOREY, should not independents, Republicans, and Democrats who honestly believe in civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, and honest elections meet in conference in the early spring, before the great party conventions?

THE TROUBLE WITH CHILI.

As the American Minister in Chili, Mr. PATRICK EGAN, is probably the chief cause of the popular ill feeling in that country toward the United States, it seems to be probable that it is the new Chilian Minister in this country, Señor PEARO MONTT, who will be a chief agent in preventing any serious misunderstanding between the two countries. A Valparaiso journal states that Señor MONTT telegraphs to the Junta that he was cordially received by Secretary BLAINE, who said that the United States would await the result of the investigation in the courts of Chili, and that the spirit of the State Department is far from hostile. This statement is satisfactory in itself, but it is unquestionable that the retention as Minister of Mr. EGAN, who is a person peculiarly *ingrata* to the Junta, is not a friendly act. Whether or not there was any truth in the reports that connected our Minister with commercial interests in Chili, whether his totally misleading representations of the situation in that country were the result of ignorance or of a desire to aid BALMACEDA, there is no doubt that he was not a proper person to be appointed Minister, and had become, by the ill feeling he had excited, a very improper person to retain the office.

A due sense of the national honor and a desire to reach a clear understanding and satisfactory settlement of the assault upon our sailors in the streets of Valparaiso do not require the continued presence in Chili as United States Minister of a person who is not unreasonably repugnant to the Chilian authorities. Even if the most unfortunate results should follow the present complication—as is not now probable—if the Junta should wrongfully refuse the usual and rightful explanation and reparation for so gross an offence as the slaughter of unarmed and orderly sailors in the uniform of the United States, and should prefer war, yet the fact would remain that we had persisted in a course which we knew to be exceedingly exasperating to a people which had just emerged successful from a revolutionary movement, and that the feeling which led to the attack and the murder would have been allayed had we done what plainly we ought to have done.

This is a view which remains true, although it may be asserted truculently by the London *Times*, and although there may be a loud outcry that the national honor must be maintained. That is always true; but the national honor required the withdrawal of EGAN as our Minister when it was known that his retention was disagreeable to the Chilian authorities. If the British Minister in this country had become notorious during our civil war as the friend of the Confederates even to the point in popular belief of aiding their cause against us, and after Appomattox he had been retained against our wishes as British Minister, an outbreak of popular feeling, although not to be defended, would not have been surprising, and very certainly England would have been regarded with feelings far from amicable. If the Chilian feeling upon that subject is mistaken, if Mr. EGAN did not misinform our government in regard to the situation in Chili, if the Chilian dislike of him is due to misapprehension, the error can be corrected by our government immediately by a simple statement of the facts. But while he remains, and no explanation is made, it will not be easy for Chili to understand that the spirit of the State Department is "far from hostile."

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

IN this country when laws are plainly inimical to the public welfare, the fact can be demonstrated in public discussion upon the platform and in the press. Where there is no restraint upon the utmost freedom of debate and of voting, it is only when those methods of redress cannot be invoked that there is any excuse for violence. When, therefore, a few months since, the Governor of Tennessee entered into an armistice with men armed against the law of the State, it implied the inability of the government to discharge its first duty, that of maintaining order. The armed opponents of the law were miners, who held that the law authorizing coal companies to hire State convicts as miners was grossly unjust to honest working-men. This was apparently a very general opinion. But for some reason, distrusting the chance of legislative relief by a repeal or modification of the law, except under fear of armed prevention of its enforcement, the miners resorted to arms. The Governor, on his part, apparently distrusted the fidelity of the militia in an effort to maintain order, and therefore concluded an armistice, and summoned the Legislature.

Whether objecting to that method of repealing or enacting laws in a free State—for if a Legislature could be forced by arms to repeal a law, it could be equally forced to enact one—or from some other

reason, the Legislature left the law practically unchanged. The result is the reappearance of the armed miners, the forcible release of convicts, so that they cannot be hired out as laborers, the destruction of a large amount of property, and the alarm and confusion that always attend a state of war. It is not evident that the State authorities are more able to deal with the difficulty now than they were last summer, and the released convicts are roaming at large. The question is very serious, because public sentiment in the part of the State which is the seat of the trouble is uneducated, and respect for law is probably not very profound, while the feeling is very general that the miners are greatly wronged by the system of hired convict labor. In this situation it is not easy to forecast the result. If the militia are unwilling to fight the armed miners on the ground that their demand is really just, and the Legislature will not modify or repeal the law which authorizes the injustice, the Governor may have to appeal to the national government.

Nevertheless, the root of the difficulty is plain. It is the prison system of the State, which regards prisoners as nuisances from which as much money as possible must be made, to pay for the care of them. They are consequently herded in stockades, and are "hired out" as laborers. A more civilized system, under which convicts should be kept in prison, with a view both to usefulness and reformation, their labor being so adjusted as to offer an inappreciable competition with other labor, would put an end to such lawlessness sustained by public opinion. As we write, the State authorities seem to be reflecting. But as the Governor granted an armistice, he should have improved it to be ready for the situation if the object of the armistice, as was probable, should not be attained.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE re-election of Governor RUSSELL in Massachusetts is a signal tribute to him personally and to his admirable administration. It was a shrewd act of the Democratic committee to challenge Mr. LODGE to discuss with Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL the administration of the Governor. Mr. LODGE was the Republican leader upon the stump, and he is an adroit man of many resources. But the best that he could do in condemnation of Governor RUSSELL'S administration was so slight and unimportant that his attack was equivalent to a demonstration of the ability, impartiality, and general excellence of the administration that he assailed.

The result, indeed, was largely personal to the Governor, because the other State officers and a very large majority of the Legislature elected are Republican. Massachusetts, therefore, cannot yet be called a Democratic State, although Mr. LODGE says, since the election, that the situation is serious, and that if the State is to be counted for the Republican candidate next year, the work must begin now. That remark, however, concedes the fact which makes the re-election of a Democratic Governor in Massachusetts very significant. It is that the vague distrust of the Democratic party, which has been of late years the strongest support of the Republicans, has practically disappeared even in Massachusetts, the oldest and strongest of Republican States.

It is the tradition that the Democratic party is a combination of rum, Romanism, ignorance, slavery, and rebellion which has sustained the Republican party in that State through all the exposures of its corruption and the ignoble leadership of its later day elsewhere. Whatever offence might be proved against the party, the reply of thousands of honest Massachusetts Republicans was, "It's bad; but it is better than the Democratic party." The result of this election shows that the power of this tradition is exhausted, and that henceforth elections in that State can be carried by the Republicans not by alleging the moral and patriotic superiority of the Republican party, but by demonstrating the superiority of the Republican policy.

IN OHIO.

THE Republicans naturally rejoice over the result in Ohio. Mr. MCKINLEY, the author of the measure upon which the Democratic victory of last year in Ohio was won, has been elected Governor this year. His election after a prolonged and thorough canvass seems to show that Ohio is a protectionist State, and that the issue of next year will be necessarily the MCKINLEY tariff. But it is not so clear as it seems to be that the result in Ohio is a verdict for protection. Secretary FOSTER says that there is no doubt of it. But the battle was fought largely upon the silver question. The Democrats declared frankly for free silver coinage, and the Republicans took up the challenge. They pushed the fighting upon that issue, and as Governor CAMPBELL was known to differ with his party upon that point he was unable to parry the attack.

There are low-tariff Republicans in Ohio who were forced to choose between a vote for MCKINLEY and a vote for free silver. Naturally they voted for MCKINLEY, although upon the simple issue of a moderate tariff they would have voted against him. While therefore the election of the author of the MCKINLEY bill would seem to demonstrate public approval of that measure, it is doubtful whether it does not especially signify disapproval of free silver.

Undoubtedly in this part of the country the drift of intelligent opinion in both parties is against free silver coinage. But nevertheless it is favored by many conspicuous leaders on both sides. The free-silver leaders in the Senate are Republicans. On the other hand, Mr. MILLS, who will probably be the Democratic Speaker, is a frank free-silver man. But he thought it bad policy this year to talk about it upon the Democratic stump. Yet if the majority of the House were Republican, and should elect a Speaker who held Mr. MILLS'S views upon silver, however reticent it may have been in the campaign, the party would be certainly and universally denounced as unsound upon the currency. If the Democrats should conclude that the silver question, and not the tariff question, decided the election in Ohio, they will hardly fulfil Mr. CARLISLE'S prediction of the passage by Congress of a free silver bill this winter to see what the President would do.

CHAINS AND YOKES.

THE Democratic majority in the new House of Representatives is so enormous that there were many voters who sympathize with some Democratic policies who preferred a Democratic defeat at the late elections, because it would serve as a warning to the House. On the other hand, it was gravely urged that general Democratic success this year would probably keep the party straight on the silver question. Nothing could more plainly demonstrate the actual political situation than these two remarks. They showed the truth of Mr. STOREY'S statement that parties do not divide upon the actual questions of the time.

There was never a time when the Republican party was aiming to restrict slavery that its friends deprecated general success; nor was there a moment when it was the war party that large majorities were not desired by its supporters. The two remarks that we have mentioned, and which are very familiar, indicate grave doubt of the result of the ascendency of the party with which, upon the whole, those who make the remarks sympathize. This feeling springs from the knowledge that our party system has become an inflexible despotism.

The support of reasonable party men should be the earnest to other reasonable supporters of the party that its action need not be feared. This is, of course, equally true of both parties. But the reasonable men constantly surrender to the caucus and vote against their own judgment. The party becomes a master instead of a servant, and nothing is more repulsive to honest self-respect than the tone of servility in which even intelligent men speak of their party. Democratic Representatives who hold the views upon the currency which the Massachusetts Democratic platform declared at the late election ought not to be forced by any caucus majority to renounce them, and should vote as steadily against such a majority as against a wrong Republican majority. If this is incompatible with government by party, government by party is incompatible with good government.

A BARMECIDE FEAST.

THERE are two aspects of every election campaign which relieve humorously the severe strain upon party zeal. One is the buoyant certainty of success which the candidates and their committees uniformly allege, and the other is the elaborate figuring to which at the last moment this buoyant certainty is reduced, which demonstrates incontestably that both sides will win. Another part of this amusing and transparent game of bluff and brag is the usual assertion on both sides that the other side has now lost hope and acknowledges defeat.

This little game was as gravely played at the late election as if it had not been played at all previous elections. Each side states the majority which it is going to receive, and announces that the estimate is based upon the most careful and thorough reports from the most trusty and experienced agents, who have made a house to house canvass. The figures so collected have been revised in the most dispassionate way, and allowing largely for involuntary errors, and for the unknown and the unforeseen very much more than is reasonable, the result is the certain election of both candidates by a most gratifying majority.

Then comes the statistician on both sides, who has made a study of election antecedents for many years, and whose calculations are as elaborate and abstruse as those of the higher mathematics. He had not anticipated success this time, but his exact mind became interested in the figures, and pushing on to the inevitable conclusions, he found, to his amazement, that the indubitable figures reached an unforeseen result, and again both candidates were certainly elected —only a very few days before the votes were cast. These are the amenities of a furious election campaign. This particular one is a Barmecide feast which large numbers of the hungry find exceedingly palatable.

MORE DISHONESTY.

THE recent developments in the Adams Express Company in New York and the Maverick Bank in Boston belong to a long series of similar revelations. The first reflection which they suggest is the number of similar transactions not yet disclosed, which will presently appear and involve in disgrace other respected and unsuspected persons. They increase the distrust with which all financial operations and agents are regarded, and redouble the ingenuity that seeks to protect interests which necessarily must be confided to other hands.

The kind of respect which is paid to the mere fact of wealth, the public notice which is taken of people solely because they are rich, the public interest which is assumed in the incidents of the private lives of the rich, and which leads newspapers to chronicle the movements and actions and family events of those who personally have no title to attention except that they own a great deal of money, is of course exceedingly demoralizing. To win that kind of notoriety, to be familiar subjects of newspaper gossip, to obtain the deference which is shown to the rich because they are rich, many a man will venture beyond the line of what he knows to be honest.

The preacher is always ready, but so, unhappily, is the text. There is a convict in the State-prison who was sentenced several years ago for embezzling and swindling upon the largest scale. He ruined a large circle who no more suspected him than themselves, and a more wanton and wicked offence of the kind cannot be conceived. This summer it was proposed to try and secure a pardon for him because of his good conduct in prison and his former respectability and his family connections. Yet morally his crime was very much more unpardonable than that of a poor, ignorant, half-imbruted man for whom there is no pity and no thought of succor. "It is quite dreadful to think," said one gentleman to another at a great entertainment, "how many of our fellow-guests here ought to be and probably soon will be in the State-prison." "Yes?" said the other; "and I wonder whether you and I will be among them?"

PERSONAL.

MRS. HARRISON and the Princess LOUISE are the only two women who have ever been permitted to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California. And even after their visit the ground trodden by them was at once reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer. The monastery is the oldest but one of the twenty-four missions established in California by the Franciscans at the close of the last century, and is the only one now occupied by the friars of the order.

—Mr. PARNELL was a handsome man, with a fine figure, which he seemed to take pains to conceal in ill-fitting clothes. Occasionally he appeared in a coat that showed the marks of the tailor's skill, but as a rule he was poorly and even shabbily dressed. While the Royal Commission was sitting he went about arrayed in an old white coat, with a kerchief half covering his face, a slouch hat on his head, and a black bag in his hand.

—One of the curious sights in Baltimore is a block entirely surrounded by a high brick wall, which conceals from the view of the plebeian crowd the handsome home of the eccentric millionaire, Ross WINANS. When WINANS built the house he threw the grounds open to the public, but objection was made by some of the more prudish to the nudity of the statues, and the millionaire was importuned to remove or to drape them. WINANS'S feelings were wounded by the request, which he deemed presumptuous, and the result was the erection of the wall. It is an unsightly affair, an eyesore to the people, but no appeal from the city authorities has ever been able to persuade WINANS or his heirs to remove it.

JOHN C. GROOME, GENERAL E. BURD GRUBB'S BEST MAN,
In the First City Troop's uniform, which the British saw one hundred years ago at Trenton and Princeton.

—JAY COOKE, the Philadelphia financier, whose name twenty years ago was as well known as the President's, has an island home in Lake Erie, just opposite Put-in-Bay, and within two hours' sail of Sandusky, his birthplace. Here he spends much of his time fishing for black bass, and shooting the quail and plover with which the island is stocked. Mr. COOKE built his summer home here—known as "Gibraltar"—twenty-eight years ago, and it is still his favorite residence.

—In an appreciative editorial on Mr. ZOGBAUM'S picture of a conning-tower on a sloop of war in a late number of the WEEKLY, the New York *Herald* made also a few minor criticisms, which have called forth the following note from G. L. CORDEN, Lieutenant U. S. N.: "The picture is *accuracy* itself. Mr. ZOGBAUM has placed the *Chief Quartermaster* at the wheel, which is *correct*. The dress of the Chief Quartermaster is as Mr. ZOGBAUM has depicted it. Furthermore, any seaman can see at a glance that the man at the engine-room telegraph does not wear his hair in a coil, but has on a blue watch cap."

MRS. E. BURD GRUBB (NÉE VIOLET SOPWITH).—[SEE PAGE 891.]

GENERAL E. BURD GRUBB, AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 891.]

THE NEW STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT JERSEY CITY.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 905.]

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

IF Leroy Brainard had not had such a respect for literature, he would have written a book.

As it was, he played at being an architect—and succeeded in being a charming fellow. My sister Jessica never lost an opportunity of laughing at his endeavors as an architect.

"You can build an enchanting villa, but what would you do with a cathedral?"

"I shall never have a chance at a cathedral," he would reply. "And, besides, it always seems to me so material and so impertinent to build a little structure of stone and wood in which to worship God!"

You see what he was like? He was frivolous, yet one could never tell when he would become eloquently earnest.

Brainard went off suddenly Westward one day. I suspected that Jessica was at the bottom of it, but I asked no questions; and I did not hear from him for months. Then I got a letter from Colorado.

"I have married a mountain woman," he wrote. "None of your puny breed of modern femininity, but a remnant left over from the heroic ages—a primitive woman, grand and vast of spirit, capable of true and steadfast wifehood. No sophistry about her; no knowledge even that there is sophistry. Heavens! man, do you remember the rondeaux and triolets I used to write to those pretty creatures back East? It would take a Saga man of the old Norseland to write for my mountain woman. If I were an artist, I would paint her with the north star in her locks and her feet on purple cloud. I suppose you are at the Pier. I know you usually are at this season. At any rate, I shall direct this letter thither, and will follow close after it. I want my wife to see something of life. And I want her to meet your sister."

"Dear me!" cried Jessica, when I read the letter to her; "I don't know that I care to meet anything quite so gigantic as that mountain woman. I'm one of the puny breed of modern femininity, you know. I don't think my nerves can stand the encounter."

"Why, Jessica!" I protested. She blushed a little.

"Don't think bad of me, Victor. But, you see, I've a little scrap-book of those triolets upstairs." Then she burst into a peal of irresistible laughter. "I'm not laughing because I am piqued," she said, frankly. "Though any one will admit that it is rather irritating to have a man who left you in a blasted condition recover with such extraordinary promptness. As a philanthropist, one of course rejoices; but as a woman, Victor, it must be admitted that one has a right to feel annoyed. But, honestly, I am not ungenerous, and I am going to do him a favor. I shall write, and urge him not to bring his wife here. A primitive woman, with the north star in her hair, would look well down there in the Casino eating a pineapple ice, wouldn't she? It's all very well to have a soul, you know, but it won't keep you from looking like a guy among women who have good dressmakers. I shudder at the thought of what the poor thing will suffer if he brings her here."

Jessica wrote, as she said she would; but, for all that, a fortnight later she was walking down the wharf with the "mountain woman," and I was sauntering beside Leroy. At dinner Jessica gave me no chance to talk with our friend's wife, and I only caught the quiet contralto tones of her voice now and then contrasting with Jessica's vivacious soprano. A drizzling rain came up from the east with nightfall. Little groups of shivering men and women sat about in the parlors at the card-tables, and one blond woman sang love songs. The Brainards were tired with their journey, and left us early. When they were gone, Jessica burst into eulogy.

"That is the first woman," she declared, "I ever met who would make a fit heroine for a book."

"Then you will not feel under obligations to educate her, as you insinuated the other day?"

"Educate her! I only hope she will help me to unlearn

some of the things I know. I never saw such simplicity. It is antique!"

"You're sure it's not mere vacuity?"

"Victor! How can you? But you haven't talked with her. You must to-morrow. Good-night." She gathered up her trailing skirts and started down the corridor. Suddenly she turned back. "For Heaven's sake!" she whispered, in an awed tone, "I never even noticed what she had on!"

The next morning early we made up a riding party, and I rode with Mrs. Brainard. She was as tall as I, and sat in her saddle as if quite unconscious of her animal. The road stretched hard and inviting under our horses' feet. The wind smelled salt. The sky was ragged with gray masses of cloud scudding across the blue. I was beginning to glow with exhilaration, when suddenly my companion drew in her horse.

"If you do not mind, we will go back," she said.

Her tone was dejected. I thought she was tired.

"Oh no!" she protested, when I apologized for my thoughtlessness in bringing her so far. "I'm not tired. I can ride all day. Where I come from, we have to ride if we want to go anywhere; but here there seems to be no particular place to—to reach."

"Are you so utilitarian?" I asked, laughingly. "Must you always have some reason for everything you do? I do so many things just for the mere pleasure of doing them. I'm afraid you will have a very poor opinion of me."

"That is not what I mean," she said, flushing, and turning her large gray eyes on me. "You must not think I have a reason for everything I do." She was very earnest, and it was evident that she was unacquainted with the art of making conversation. "But what I mean," she went on, "is that there is no place—no end—to reach." She looked back over her shoulder toward the west, where the trees marked the sky line, and an expression of loss and dissatisfaction came over her face. "You see," she said, apologetically, "I'm used to different things—to the mountains. I have never been where I could not see them before in my life."

"Ah, I see! I suppose it is odd to look up and find them not there."

"It's like being lost, this not having anything around you. At least, I mean," she continued, slowly, as if her thought could not easily put itself in words—"I mean it seems as if a part of the world had been taken down. It makes you feel lonesome, as if you were living after the world had begun to die."

"You'll get used to it in a few days. It seems very beautiful to me here. And then you will have so much life to divert you."

"Life? But there is always that everywhere."

"I mean men and women."

"Oh! Still, I am not used to them. I think I might be not—not very happy with them. They might think me queer. I think I would like to show your sister the mountains."

"She has seen them often."

"Oh, she told me. But I don't mean those pretty green hills such as we saw coming here. They are not like my mountains. I like mountains that go beyond the clouds, with terrible shadows in the hollows, and belts of snow lying in the gorges where the sun cannot reach, and the snow is blue in the sunshine, or shining till you think it is silver, and the mist so wonderful all about it, changing each moment and drifting up and down, that you cannot tell what name to give the colors. These mountains of yours here in the East are so quiet; mine are shouting all the time, with the pines and the rivers. The echoes are so loud in the valley that sometimes, when the wind is rising, we can hardly hear a man talk unless he raises his voice. There are four cataracts near where I live, and they all have different voices, just as people do; and one of them is happy—a little white cataract—and it falls where the sun shines earliest, and till night it is shining. But the others only get the sun now and then, and they are more noisy and cruel. One of them is always in the shadow, and the water looks black. That is partly because the rocks all underneath it are black. It falls down twenty great ledges in a gorge with black sides, and a white mist dances all over it at every leap. I tell father the mist is the ghost of the waters. No man ever goes there; it is too cold. The chill strikes through one, and makes your heart feel as if you were dying. But all down the side of the mountain, toward the south and the west, the sun shines on the granite and draws long points of light out of it. Father tells me soldiers marching look that way when the sun strikes on their bayonets. Those are the kind of mountains I mean, Mr. Grant."

She was looking at me with her face transfigured, as if it, like the mountains she told me of, had been lying in shadow, and waiting for the dazzling dawn.

"I had a terrible dream once," she went on; "the most terrible dream ever I had. I dreamt that the mountains had all been taken down, and that I stood on a plain to which there was no end. The sky was burning up, and the grass scorched brown from the heat, and it was twisting as if it were in pain. And animals, but no other person save myself, only wild things, were crouching and looking up at that sky. They could not run because there was no place to which to go."

"You were having a vision of the last man," I said. "I wonder myself sometimes whether this old globe of ours is going to collapse suddenly and take us with her, or whether we will disappear through slow disastrous ages of fighting and crushing, with hunger and blight to help us to the end. And then, at the last, perhaps some luckless fellow, stronger than the rest, will stand amid the ribs of the rotting earth and go mad."

The woman's eyes were fixed on me, large and luminous. "Yes," she said; "he would go mad from the lonesomeness of it. He would be afraid to be left alone like that with God. No one would want to be taken into God's secrets."

"And our last man," I went on, "would have to stand there on that swaying wreck till even the sound of the crumbling earth ceased. And he would try to find a voice and would fail, because silence would have come again. And then the light would go out—"

The shudder that crept over her made me stop, ashamed of myself.

"You talk like father," she said, with a long-drawn breath. Then she looked up suddenly at the sun shining through a rift in those reckless gray clouds, and put out one hand as if to get it full of the headlong rollicking breeze. "But the earth is not dying," she cried. "It is well and strong, and it likes to go round and round among all the other worlds. It likes the sun and moon; they are all good friends; and it likes the people who live on it. Maybe it is they instead of the fire within who keep it warm; or maybe it is warm just from always going, as we are when we run. We are young, you and I, Mr. Grant, and Leroy, and your beautiful sister, and the world is young too!" Then she laughed a strong splendid laugh, which had never had the joy taken out of it with drawing-room restrictions; and I laughed too, and felt that we had become very good companions indeed, and found myself warming to the joy of companionship as I had not since I was a boy at school.

That afternoon the four of us sat at a table in the Casino together. The Casino, as every one knows, is a place to amuse yourself. If you have a duty, a mission, or an aspiration, you do not take it there with you, it would be so obviously out of place; if poverty is ahead of you, you forget it; if you have brains, you hasten to conceal them; they would be a serious encumbrance.

There was a bubbling of conversation, a rustle and flutter such as there always is where there are many women. All the place was gay with flowers and with gowns as bright as the flowers. I remembered the apprehensions of my sister, and studied Leroy's wife to see how she fitted into this highly colored picture. She was the only woman in the room who seemed to wear draperies. The jaunty slash and cut of fashionable attire were missing in the long brown folds of cloth that enveloped her figure. I felt certain that even from Jessica's stand-point she could not be called a guy. Picturesque she might be, past the point of convention, but she was not ridiculous.

"Judith takes all this very seriously," said Leroy, laughingly. "I suppose she would take even Paris seriously."

His wife smiled over at him. "Leroy says I am melancholy," she said, softly; "but I am always telling him that I am happy. He thinks I am melancholy because I do not laugh. I got out of the way of it by being so much alone. You only laugh to let some one else know you are pleased. When you are alone there is no use in laughing. It would be like explaining something to yourself."

"You are a philosopher, Judith. Mr. Max Müller would like to know you."

"Is he a friend of yours, dear?"

Leroy blushed, and I saw Jessica curl her lip as she noticed the blush. She laid her hand on Mrs. Brainard's arm.

"Have you always been very much alone?" she inquired.

"I was born on the ranch, you know; and father was not fond of leaving it. Indeed, now he says he will never again go out of sight of it. But you can go a long journey without doing that; for it lies on a plateau in the valley, and it can be seen from three different mountain passes. Mother died there, and for that reason and others—father has had a strange life—he never wanted to go away. He brought a lady from Pennsylvania to teach me. She had wonderful learning, but she didn't make very much use of it. I thought if I had learning I would not waste it reading books. I would use it to—to live with. Father had a library, but I never cared for it. He was forever at books too. Of course," she hastened to add, noticing the look of mortification deepen on her husband's face, "I like books very well if there is nothing better at hand. But I always said to Mrs. Windsor—it was she who taught me—why read what other folk have been thinking when you can go out and think yourself? Of course one prefers one's own thoughts, just as one prefers one's own ranch, or one's own father."

"Then you are sure to like New York when you go there to live," cried Jessica; "for there you will find something to make life entertaining all the time. No one need fall back on books there."

"I'm not sure. I'm afraid there must be such dreadful crowds of people. Of course I should try to feel that they were all like me, with just the same sort of fears, and that it was ridiculous for us to be afraid of each other, when at heart we all meant to be kind."

Jessica fairly wrung her hands. "Heavens!" she cried. "I said you would like New York. I am afraid, my dear, that it will break your heart!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Brainard, with what was meant to be a gentle jest, "no one can break my heart except Leroy. I should not care enough about any one else, you know."

The compliment was an exquisite one. I felt the blood creep to my own brain in a sort of vicarious rapture, and I avoided looking at Leroy lest he should dislike to have me see the happiness he must feel. The simplicity of the woman seemed to invigorate me as the cool air of her mountains might if it blew to me on some bright dawn, when I had come, fevered and sick of soul, from the city.

When we were alone, Jessica said to me: "That man has too much vanity, and he thinks it is sensitiveness. He is going to imagine that his wife makes him suffer. There's no one so brutally selfish as your sensitive man. He wants every one to live according to his ideas, or he immediately begins suffering. That friend of yours hasn't the courage of his convictions. He is going to be ashamed of the very qualities that made him love his wife."

There was a hop that night at the hotel, quite an unusual affair as to elegance, given in honor of a woman from New York, who wrote a novel a month.

Mrs. Brainard looked so happy that night when she came in the parlor, after the music had begun, that I felt a moisture gather in my eyes just because of the beauty of her joy, and the forced vivacity of the women about me seemed suddenly coarse and insincere. Some wonderful red stones, brilliant as rubies, glittered in among the diaphanous black driftings of her dress. She asked me if the stones were not very pretty, and said she gathered them in one of her mountain river-beds.

"But the gown?" I said. "Surely, you do not gather gowns like that in river-beds, or pick them off mountain-pines?"

"But you can get them in Denver. Father always sent to Denver for my finery. He was very particular about how I looked. You see, I was all he had—" She broke off, her voice faltering.

"Come over by the window," I said, to change her thought. "I have something to repeat to you. It is a song of Sydney Lanier's. I think he was the greatest poet that ever lived in America, though not many agree with me. But he is my dear friend anyway, though he is dead, and I never saw him; and I want you to hear some of his words."

I led her across to an open window. The dancers were whirling by us. The waltz was one of those melancholy ones which speak the spirit of the dance more eloquently than any merry melody can. The sound of the sea booming beyond in the darkness came to us, and long paths of light, now red, now green, stretched toward the distant lighthouse. These were the lines I repeated:

"What heartache—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague, and chill
The drear sand levels drain my spirit low.
With one poor word they tell me all they know;
Whereat their stupid tongues, to tease my pain,
Do drawl it o'er and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I cannot name:
Always the same—the same."

But I got no further. I felt myself moved with a sort of passion which did not seem to come from within, but to be communicated to me from her. A certain unfamiliar happiness pricked through with pain thrilled me, and I heard her whispering:

"Do not go on, do not go on! I cannot stand it to-night!"

"Hush," I whispered back; "come out for a moment!" We stole into the dusk without, and stood there trembling, I swayed with her emotion. There was a long silence. Then she said: "Father may be walking alone now by the black cataract. That is where he goes when he is sad. I can see how lonely he looks among those little twisted pines that grow from the rock. And he will be remembering all the evenings we walked there together, and all the things we said." I did not answer. Her eyes were still on the sea.

"What was the name of the man who wrote that verse you just said to me?"

I told her.

"And he is dead? Did they bury him in the mountains? No? I wish I could have put him where he could have heard those four voices calling down the cañon."

"Come back in the house," I said; "you must come, indeed," I said, as she shrank from re-entering.

Jessica was dancing like a fairy with Leroy. They both saw us and smiled as we came in, and a moment later they joined us. I made my excuses and left my friends to Jessica's care. She was a sort of social tyrant wherever she was, and I knew one word from her would insure the popularity of our friends—not that they needed the intervention of any one. Leroy had been a sort of drawing-room pet since before he stopped wearing knickerbockers.

"He is at his best in a drawing-room," said Jessica, "because there he deals with theory and not with action. And he has such beautiful theories that the women, who are all idealists, adore him."

The next morning I awoke with a conviction that I had been idling too long. I went back to the city and brushed the dust from my desk. Then each morning I, as Jessica put it, "formed public opinion" to the extent of one column a day in the columns of a certain enterprising morning journal.

Brainard said I had treated him shabbily to leave upon the heels of his coming. But a man who works for his bread and butter must put a limit to his holiday. It is different when you only work to add to your general picturesqueness. That is what I wrote Leroy, and it was the unkindest thing I ever said to him; and why I did it I do not know to this day. I was glad, though, when he failed to answer the letter. It gave me a more reasonable excuse for feeling out of patience with him.

The days that followed were very dull. It was hard to get back into the way of working. I was glad when Jessica came home to set up our little establishment and to join in the autumn gayeties. Brainard brought his wife to the city soon after and went to housekeeping in an odd sort of a way.

"I couldn't see anything in the place save curios," Jessica reported, after her first call on them. "I suppose there is a cooking-stove somewhere, and maybe even a pantry with pots in it. But all I saw was Alaska totems and Navajo blankets. They have as many skins around on the floor and couches as would have satisfied an ancient Briton. And everybody was calling there. You know Mr. Brainard runs to curios in selecting his friends as well as his furniture. The parlors were full this afternoon of abnormal people; that is to say, with folks one reads about. I was the only one there who hadn't done something. I guess it's because I am too healthy."

"How did Mrs. Brainard like such a motley crew?"

"She was wonderful—perfectly wonderful! Those insulting creatures were all studying her, and she knew it. But her dignity was perfect, and she looked as proud as a Sioux chief. She listened to every one, and they all thought her so bright."

"Brainard must have been tremendously proud of her."

"Oh, he was—of her and his Chilcat portières."

Jessica was there often, but—well, I was busy At length, however, I was forced to go. Jessica refused to make any further excuses for me. The rooms were filled with small celebrities.

"We are the only nonentities," whispered Jessica, as she looked around; "it will make us quite distinguished."

We went to speak to our hostess. She stood beside her husband, looking taller than ever; and her face was white. Her long red gown of clinging silk was so peculiar as to give one the impression that she was dressed in character. It was easy to tell that it was one of Leroy's fancies. I hardly heard what she said, but I know she reproached me gently for not having been to see them. I had no further word with her till some one took her to the piano, and she paused to say:

"That poet you spoke of to me—the one you said was a friend of yours—he is my friend now too, and I have learned to sing some of his songs. I am going to sing one now." She seemed to have no timidity at all, but stood quietly, with a half-smile, while a young man with a Russian name played a strange minor prelude. Then she sang, her voice a strange contralto, cold at times, and again lit up with gleams of passion. The music itself was fitful, now full of joy, now tender, and now sad:

"Look off, dear love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer we."

"She has a genius for feeling, hasn't she?" Leroy whispered to me.

"A genius for feeling!" I repeated, angrily. "Man, she has a heart and a soul and a brain, if that is what you mean! I shouldn't think you would be able to look at her from the stand-point of a critic."

Leroy shrugged his shoulders and went off. For a moment I almost hated him for not feeling more resentful. I felt as if he owed it to his wife to take offence at my foolish speech.

It was evident that the "mountain woman" had become the fashion. I read reports in the papers about her unique receptions. I saw her name printed conspicuously among the list of those who attended all sorts of dinners and musicales and evenings among the set that affected intellectual pursuits. She joined a number of women's clubs of an exclusive kind.

"She is doing whatever her husband tells her to," said Jessica. "Why, the other day I heard her ruining her voice on *Siegfried!*"

But from day to day I noticed a difference in her. She developed a terrible activity. She took personal charge of the affairs of her house; she united with Leroy in keeping the house filled with guests; she got on the board of a hospital for little children, and spent a part of every day among the cots where the sufferers lay. Now and then when we spent a quiet evening alone with her and Leroy, she sewed continually on little white night-gowns for these poor babies. She used her carriage to take the most extraordinary persons riding.

"In the cause of health," Leroy used to say, "I ought to have the carriage fumigated after every ride Judith takes, for she is always accompanied by some one who looks as if he or she should go into quarantine."

One night, when he was chaffing her in this way, she flung her sewing suddenly from her and sprang to her feet, as if she were going to give way to a burst of girlish temper. Instead of that, a stream of tears poured from her eyes, and she held out her trembling hands toward Jessica.

"He does not know," she sobbed. "He cannot understand."

One memorable day Leroy hastened over to us while we were still at breakfast to say that Judith was ill—strangely ill. All night long she had been muttering to herself as if in a delirium. Yet she answered lucidly all questions that were put to her.

"She begs for Miss Grant. She says over and over that she 'knows,' whatever that may mean."

When Jessica came home she told me she did not know. She only felt that a tumult of impatience was stirring in her friend.

"There is something majestic about her—something epic. I feel as if she were making me live a part in some great drama, the end of which I cannot tell. She is suffering, but I cannot tell why she suffers."

Weeks went on without an abatement in this strange illness. She did not keep her bed. Indeed, she neglected few of her usual occupations. But her hands were burning, and her eyes grew bright with that wild sort of lustre one sees in the eyes of those who give themselves up to strange drugs or manias. She grew whimsical, and formed capricious friendships, only to drop them.

And then one day she closed her house to all acquaintances, and sat alone continually in her room, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes swimming with the emotions that never found their way to her tongue.

Brainard came to the office to talk with me about her one day. "I am a very miserable man, Grant," he said. "I am afraid I have lost my wife's regard. Oh, don't tell me it is partly my fault. I know it well enough. And I know you haven't had a very good opinion of me lately. But I am remorseful enough now, God knows. And I would give my life to see her as she was when I found her first among the mountains. Why, she used to climb them like a strong man, and she was forever shouting and singing. And she had peopled every spot with strange modern mythological creatures. Her father is an old dreamer, and she got the trick from him. They had a little telescope on a great knoll in the centre of the valley just where it commanded a long path of stars, and they used to spend nights out there when the frost literally fell in flakes. When I think how hardy and gay she was, how full of courage and life, and look at her now, so feverish and broken, I feel as if I should go mad. You know I never meant to do her any harm. Tell me that much, Grant."

"I think you were very egotistical for a while, Brainard, and that is a fact. And you didn't appreciate how much her nature demanded. But I do not think you are responsible for your wife's present condition. If there is any comfort in that statement, you are welcome to it."

"But you don't mean—" He got no further.

"I mean that your wife may have her reservations, just as we all have, and I am paying her high praise when I say it. You are not so narrow, Leroy, as to suppose for a moment that the only sort of passion a woman is capable of is that which she entertains for a man. How do I know what is going on in your wife's soul? But it is nothing which even an idealist of women, such as I am, old fellow, need regret."

How glad I was afterward that I spoke those words. They exercised a little restraint, perhaps, on Leroy when the day of his terrible trial came. They made him wrestle with the demon of suspicion that strove to possess him. I was sitting in my office, lagging dispiritedly over my work one day, when the door burst open and Brainard stood beside me. Brainard, I say, and yet in no sense the man I had known—not a hint in this pale creature, whose breath struggled through chattering teeth, and whose hands worked in uncontrollable spasms, of the nonchalant elegant I had known. Not a glimpse to be seen in those angry and determined eyes of the gayly selfish spirit of my holiday friend.

"She's gone!" he gasped. "Since yesterday. And I'm here to ask you what you think now? And what you know."

A panorama of all shameful possibilities for one black moment floated before me. I remember this gave place to a wave, cold as death, that swept from head to foot, then Brainard's hands fell heavily on my shoulders.

"Thank God at least for this much," he said, hoarsely; "I didn't know at first but I had lost both friend and wife. But I see you know nothing. And indeed in my heart I knew all the time that you did not. Yet I had to come to you with my anger. And I remembered how you defended her. What explanation can you offer now?"

I got him to sit down after a while and tell me what little there was to tell. He had been away for a day's shooting, and when he returned he found only the perplexed servants at home. A note was left for him. He showed it to me.

"There are times," it ran, "when we must do as we must, not as we would. I am going to do something I have been driven to do since I left my home. I do not leave any message of love for you, because you would not care for it from a woman so weak as I. But it is so easy for you to be happy that I hope in a little while you will forget the wife who yielded to an influence past resisting. It may be madness. But I am not great enough to give it up. I tried to make the sacrifice, but I could not. I tried to be as gay as you and to live your sort of life; but I could not do it. Do not make the effort to forgive me. You will be happier if you simply hold me in the contempt I deserve."

I read the letter over and over. I do not know that I believe that the spirit of inanimate things can permeate to the intelligence of man. I am sure I always laughed at such ideas. Yet holding that note with its shameful seeming words, I felt a consciousness that it was written in purity and love. And then before my eyes there came a scene so vivid that for a moment the office with its familiar furniture was obliterated. What I saw was a long firm road, green with midsummer luxuriance. The leisurely thudding of my horse's feet sounded in my ears. Beside me was a tall black-robed figure. I saw her look back with that expression of deprivation at the sky line. "It's like living after the world has begun to die," said the pensive minor voice. "It seems as if part of the world had been taken down."

"Brainard," I yelled, "come here! I have it. Here's your explanation. I can show you a new meaning for every line of this letter. Man, she has gone to the mountains. She has gone to worship her own gods!"

Two weeks later I got a letter from Brainard, dated from Colorado:

"Old man," it said, "you're right. She is here. I found my mountain woman here where the four voices of her cataracts had been calling to her. I saw her the moment our mules rounded the road that commands the valley. We had been riding all night and were drenched with cold dew, hungry to desperation, and my spirits were of lead. Suddenly we got out from behind the granite wall, and there she was, standing, where I had seen her so often, beside the little waterfall that she calls the happy one. She was looking straight up at the billowing mist that dipped down the mountain, mammoth saffron rolls of it, plunging so madly from the impetus of the wind that one marvelled how it could be noiseless. Ah, you do not know Judith! That strange, unsophisticated, sometimes awkward woman you saw bore no more resemblance to my mountain woman than I to Hercules. How strong and beautiful she looked standing there wrapped in an ecstasy! It was my primitive woman back in her primeval world. How the blood leaped in me. All my old romance, so different from the common love-histories of most men, was there again within my reach! All the mystery, the poignant happiness were mine again. Do not hold me in contempt because I show you my heart. You saw my misery. Why should I grudge you a glimpse of my happiness? She saw me when I touched her hand, not before, so wrapped was she. But she did not seem surprised. Only in her splendid eyes there came a large content. She pointed to the dancing little white fall. 'I thought something wonderful was going to happen,' she whispered, 'for it has been laughing so.'

"I shall not return to New York. I am going to stay here with my mountain woman, and I think perhaps I shall find out what life means here sooner than I would back there with you. I shall learn to see large things large and small things small. Judith says to tell you and Miss Grant that the four voices are calling for you every day in the valley.

"Yours in fullest friendship,

"LEROY BRAINARD."

AN INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

ANGLO-AMERICAN marriages are not uncommon, but it is usually the bride that comes from this side of the water, and to chronicle an international wedding in which the groom figures as a prominent American gives an added interest. On November 3d, General Edward Burd Grubb, United States Minister to the court of Spain, was married to Miss Violet Sopwith, the daughter of a prominent Englishman. The ceremony took place in London, at the church of Saint Stephen's, South Kensington, the Rev. J. P. Waldo, Vicar of Saint Stephen's, officiating. The bridemaids were a cousin and six younger sisters of the bride, and Miss Effie Grubb, daughter of the bridegroom by a former marriage. The ushers were all members of the Philadelphia City Troop, the crack organization of that city, and perhaps of the country, which General Grubb at one time commanded, and wore their brilliant uniforms to grace the occasion. They were E. C. Knight, Jun., Edward Browning, Barclay Warburton, W. E. Bates, and Charles E. Henry. John C. Groome, also of Philadelphia and the troop, was best man. A number of other prominent society people of Philadelphia were among the guests, all having crossed the sea to testify to the esteem in which General Grubb is held. London society turned out in force, and contributed a notable representation, and in addition the diplomatic corps paid their respects to our Minister to Spain. The Spanish Ambassador to the court of St. James was present with his suite, as were also the United States Minister and the Consul-General. The toilettes of the ladies were, of course, resplendent, but the conventional black of an ordinary wedding, as far as the men were concerned, was dissipated by the uniforms of the Philadelphia Troop, and those worn by the English officers present in large numbers, and the decorations of the diplomatic guests.

The bride is a daughter of Thomas Sopwith, the owner of lead mines in Spain, who is also one of the directors of the Bank of England. His country estate embraces a large part of the Isle of Lismore, Scotland, and his daughter is called there "The Rose of Lismore." She is extremely beautiful, and one of the belles of London society. General Grubb is a man of middle age, and his residence is at Edgewater Park, New Jersey, which is about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. He commanded the City Troop for a number of years, and is a well-known figure in the society of that city. His inherited fortune is extensive, and he is a large owner in one of the great coal mines of the Lehigh Valley. He was a Colonel during the war in General Phil Kearny's famous brigade, and his title is one well earned. In 1889 General Grubb was the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, at which time he gave up the command of the Philadelphia Troop, but was defeated by Leon Abbett. It was not long ago that President Harrison appointed him to fill the Spanish mission, and while abroad he first met his bride. The members of the government at Washington conveyed to him by cable their personal congratulations, to which were added the felicitations of the United States ministers abroad. The fact that his ushers were to appear in the troop uniform was much commented upon, but, on the whole, it was somewhat appropriate, as it is one of the three uniforms still existing in this country which the British had an opportunity of seeing one hundred years ago, but, as one of the troop put it, "they had to look over their shoulders to see them then."

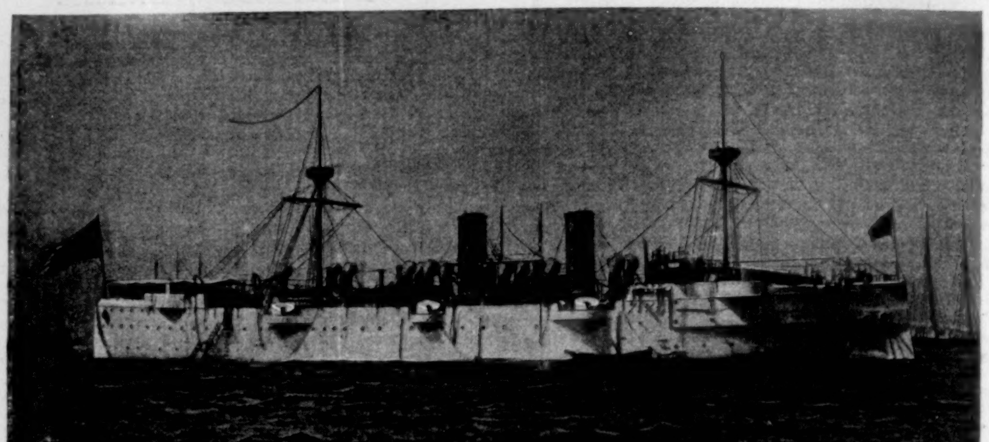
THE CREW OF THE BALTIMORE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

To the appointment of Patrick Egan as Minister to Chili can be traced the first cause of the ill feeling of the Chilians against the United States, which found its final violent expression in the killing of two and wounding of eighteen American sailors. Egan was sent to Chili to help preserve proper relations between the two republics, instead of doing which he became a partisan of Balmaceda's, a man who robbed his country, closed the Houses of Congress, seized the property of private individuals, and incidentally ordered the shooting of forty-one young students who favored the Congressionalist party. Mr. Egan publicly declared that this would-be dictator could not be overthrown, and the United States government, misled by his representations, refused to recognize the Congressionalists as belligerents, seized the *Itata*, arrested the Congressionalists' envoy for loading her with arms, and in every way, though unofficially, worked into Balmaceda's hands, and against the party fighting for constitutional liberty and representation by the people. This party won, and Balmaceda was overthrown, and the United States was in the position of having helped the upper dog in the fight, and then having to bear the odium of having the under dog win. She had to return the *Itata*, free Ricardo L. Trumbull, and to recognize the fact that her representative had deceived her. All of this goes to show why the people of the United States were and are unpopular in Chili. Added to this was the belief among the people of Valparaiso that Captain Schley, of the United States cruiser *Baltimore*, had acted as a spy upon the Congressionalists' army when it landed at Quinteros, a belief which Captain Schley has indignantly denied, but which was shared by several of the officers on the British man-of-war *Champion*, who, like the Chilians, were misled by appearances. It is unfortunate that Captain Schley did not avoid even "the appearance of evil." At such a time the strictest neutrality cannot be too strict. The private letters and would-be contributions to American periodicals offered by officers of the *Baltimore* would seem to show that the individual feeling on board that boat, whether expressed or not, was decidedly in favor of Balmaceda; and it is yet to be explained why the cable at Iquique was cut, and cable communication with the United States was shut off from the insurgents. Officer Benjamin A. Wells, of the *Baltimore*, writes under date of August 13th: "We will not be in good favor here, that may be taken for granted. After capturing the *Itata* and cutting the cable at Iquique, our chances for bare politeness are slim." The result of the cutting of the Iquique cable, around which point the insurgents were gathered, prevented them from giving their version of the struggle, and only those despatches favorable to Balmaceda could reach this country. If the officers of the *Baltimore* had anything to do with the destruction of this means of communication, as the letter of Officer Wells would imply that they had, they meddled in what did not concern them, and did what should call for the severest inquiry. The fact that refugees of Balmaceda's party were sheltered in the American Legation and on the *Baltimore*, as they

THE DISASTER ON THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 905.]

CAPTAIN W. S. SCHLEY.



UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "BALTIMORE."

THE OFFICERS.

were on the ships of war of other nations, did not serve to reconcile the Chilians to the representatives of this government. These are the list of causes, springing originally from the presence of Patrick Egan as minister in Chili, which led a mob in Valparaiso to attack a number of unarmed, sober, and inoffensive sailors for no other reason than that they wore the uniform of the country which Minister Egan had misrepresented.

Here is Captain Schley's official account of the attack and the subsequent treatment of the sailors by the police:

"Petty-officer Johnson, in whose arms Riggin was killed, declares that the act was done by the police guard. Apprentice Williams reports that he was arrested by a mounted policeman, who placed catgut nippers around his wrist and started his horse into a gallop, throwing him down. After that the policeman walked his horse. Coal-heaver McWilliams was arrested and taken to prison, with catgut nippers around his wrists and a lasso around his neck. He was bitten in the arm after arrest. Coal-heaver Quigley, while trying to effect his escape from the mob, was struck with a sword by a police officer. Apprentice Talbot was arrested, catgut nippers were placed around his wrists, and on the way to prison he was struck repeatedly by police. Petty-officer Hamilton, dangerously wounded and unconscious, was dragged to prison. One of my people, trying to make him comfortable, was threatened with the butt of a musket, and made to desist. My men in prison were examined secretly, although I sent an officer to the court to request authority to allow his presence. The request was denied on account of the proceedings being secret. Before discharge, my men were required to sign a paper; but before doing it, Rhinehart asked the court official the meaning of the paper. He was informed that it was a mere form, stating that the signer was not engaged in the trouble. Two are dead, three are dangerously wounded, and about fifteen are slightly injured."

THE CREW OF THE "BALTIMORE," OF WHOM 2 WERE KILLED, 3 DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED, AND 15 INJURED BY THE CHILIAN MOB.

Those Americans who were born in this country, and who did not leave some other country under the circumstances which surrounded the departure of Mr. Egan from Ireland, will read with different emotions of American seamen dragged behind galloping horses, and led through the streets with lassos around their necks. The emotions of Mr. Egan, who is responsible for this through his favoring of Balmaceda, must be even more disturbed. What our government will do about these murdered sailors will be determined by the action of the new government of the Chilian republic, but while it waits for that tardy apology and restitution, it can do one thing without waiting, and cannot do it too quickly—it can recall Minister Egan.

JORGE MONTT, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

THE MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL OF GERMANY.

BY LIEUTENANT POHATTAN H. CLARK,

TENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, SERVING WITH THE GERMAN CAVALRY.

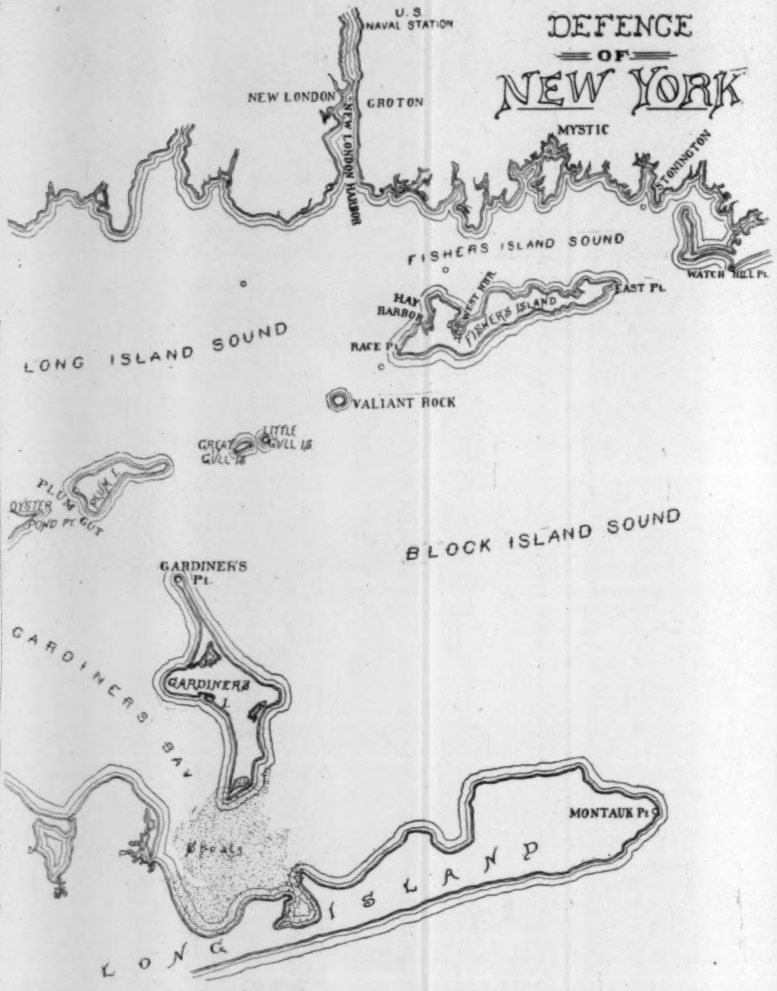
ALIGHTING from the train at Hanover, I caught sight of a young hussar in the green uniform of the 3d Westphalian Regiment, and being on a visit to an officer of that regiment, I at once accosted the young man. He presented his credentials in the shape of a letter to me, and in a few minutes I was whirling along the beautiful avenues of the town, with my baggage and the hussar on the box of the carriage. Very strange it seemed to me to be in Hanover! It was hard to realize that only a few months before I had been sitting on a boundary monument of the Mexican line, with a detachment of Apaches, watching the *vaqueros* darting about, "holding" and "cutting out" from an immense herd of bellowing, moaning cattle. Being bound upon a visit to the famous Military Riding-school of Germany, it was but natural that my thoughts went back to those dashing riders and the conversation that ensued in connection with them. The men ran by in pairs, following some maddened animal in clouds of dust, tearing over ditches and bushes, until the cowboy let go the circling noose, which caught about the horns of the steer, bringing him to the ground with a sudden jerk, while at the same time the little intelligent pony threw his weight against the cracking, straining rawhide. As I watched these feats of every-day life, I was having a discussion with some of the men on the necessity of different seats for the various kinds of riding. The conversation naturally led to horse-training, and the result was a disagreement, as is always the case when cavalry officers and cowboys discuss either horses or Indians. But willing to make a convert, I continued the talk when we returned to the ranch, and bringing forth a number of the *United States Cavalry Association Journal*, endeavored to impress my opponent with Hohenlohe's letters, recounting the wonderful feats of the German cavalry. I thought he would be effectually silenced; but as I ceased reading, the cowboy stroked his sandy beard, shoved his broad sombrero on the back of his head, and with that inimitable Texas drawl, remarked: "Lieutenant, thet feller's a terr'ble liar, ain't he? I'll bet thet a thousand cowboys with six-shooters would make all them soljers punch the breeze till daylight." I dropped the discussion, and Jim drifted into recollections of the old ranger days, when the Texans lived on "Greasers," and Comanches. So, on my arrival at the Mecca of the young cavalry officer, I could not help but recall that evening at San Bernardino.

In half an hour I entered the brightly lighted mess-room of the riding-school, and a dazzling sight it was, for never before had I seen so many uniforms collected together. Each regiment of cavalry, guard and line, sends one officer to the riding-school for a detail of two years. All the newly promoted colonels are sent there for short periods before being allowed to take command of regiments; and these, in addition to the many instructors, the artillery, and staff officers, make up a most imposing corps. There were about 150 officers at the time of my visit, comprising every type of the cavalryman—light trim hussars, in their rich picturesque uniform; tall, wiry lancers and gigantic cuirassiers; Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, Hessians, in white, sky blue, dark blue, green, brown, red, and black; uniforms of regiments that have swept the fields of Leuthen, Waterloo, and Mars la Tour; names that led the bands of Wallenstein or Mansfeld; some of the names having come down from the Crusades, when the leaders shouted in challenge through grated visors centuries ago in Palestine. The officers had strong, manly faces, tanned and burned up to the white line on the forehead that brands the German officer, and bears evidence of many good hard hours in the saddle in sunshine, rain, or snow.

After dinner we went to the beautiful Tivoli Garden, illuminated with hundreds of colored lights, thronged with pretty girls and burghers, all enchanted by the orchestra of Edward Strauss.

At half past three in the morning the hussar of my friend awakened me, and after a hasty toilet and a cup of coffee we hurried to the court-yard of the school. At four o'clock we trotted out, enveloped in a cold damp mist. The horse under me was one of those magnificent powerful chargers of East Prussia, such as you see in paintings of the great Seylitz, and seemed to be overjoyed at the idea of a day in the country. After making one or two plunges and kicks to let me know that he was thoroughly alive, and catching, meanwhile, the spurs for his pains, he settled down in his place at a gait so smooth, so uniform and perfect, that I at once fell in love with him. How much would our poor cavalrymen give to get these splendid animals in the place of those lumbering cart-horses so often seen, with their heads in the air, bit in their teeth, churning the very conscience out of their riders! I cannot imagine a country more suited for the training of horses and troopers than that about Hanover. In every direction stretch for miles broad, shady roads, smooth and hard in the middle for wagons, with a bridle-path of soft earth on each side, wide enough for four horses abreast. On these paths you feel that you can give your horse his head without your conscience being pricked by that eternal harsh hammering of the heavy hoofs, as on the roads along the Rhine, where the poor brutes soon trot as if fearing to crack the pavement. The German officers ride with a stirrup very short in comparison to ours, and "post" at the trot, as one is required to do when using the hunting

(*Continued on page 896.*)



DEFENCE OF NEW YORK.

THE OUTER LINE AT NEW LONDON.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The fortified points near New York city, at the Narrows and Fort Schuyler, described by Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. King in Harper's Weekly for August 15th, have, without doubt, a great importance for the metropolis, and hence for the whole country. But, in case of a foreign war, it is quite likely that our assailants would not strike their first blow at Sandy Hook or the Narrows. Their attack would probably be made from the eastward through Long Island Sound, by way of the Race (off New London) and Gardiners Bay. An advance through the sheltered waters of the Sound would then be easy and secure, and at present we have no means of protecting the entrance to those waters. Once inside the Race, a hostile fleet could not only seize New London and cut important lines of communication, but could destroy towns, cities, property, and material of immense value all along the Connecticut shore. Moreover, it could ravage the greater part of Long Island. Having gained a foothold on both sides of the great coastwise waterway, it would be able to establish bases of supply and of operation for land forces without ever coming in range of the works at Fort Schuyler and Willets Point. These preliminary manœuvres would in themselves inflict deadly damage on Suffolk, Westchester, and to a great degree on New York. Besides, with a strong fleet enjoying "the freedom of the Sound," so to speak, the enemy's chances of forcing a passage by Willets Point and capturing the chief commercial city of the Union would be increased enormously.

In the bight formed by the promontory of Montauk at the extreme eastern end of Long Island lies Gardiners Island, a territory of some three thousand acres, which, extending north and south at right angles to Montauk, encloses a broad sheet of water called Gardiners Bay, adjacent to the Sound, and separated from it only by Plum Island and Orient Point, with the strip of land called Oyster Ponds (celebrated by Fenimore Cooper in the first part of his *Sea Lions*). This is a landlocked roadstead, almost perfectly protected against winds and storms from every quarter. Here a British fleet rendezvoused during part of the Revolutionary war, and the long harassing conflict which the British forces were enabled to maintain from this stronghold is recorded in history. Again, in the war of 1812 the ships of England chose this route for their attack, and made the Sound their vantage-point. These facts ought to be enough to prove that New York city needs an outer line of defence on the east at the head of the Sound, by which the gates opening into the Sound from the Atlantic Ocean could at any moment be closed effectually. Gardiners Bay and Plum Gut form one of those gates. The other gates are the Race and Fishers Island Sound, near New London. The line of defence, then, which is to control these entrances must have one end at or near New London, and the opposite end on Gardiners Island.

Measured from point to point, the direct distance between the extremity of Gardiners Island and New London Harbor is just eighteen statute miles. But the line of defence, taking in Fishers Island and Watch Hill, would cover something like twenty-seven miles—not a very long line to hold, provided we have a few modern fortifications and a reasonable number of big guns at the right places, plenty of ammunition, efficient bodies of troops, and a good naval squadron thoroughly equipped, and including a small torpedo flotilla. The range and bearing of the chief points may be seen clearly on the accompanying map. Resting on the left at Watch Hill, by the mouth of Fishers Island Sound, eight or nine miles east of New London, it crosses that mouth to the tip of Fishers Island, running westward thence along the sea face of Fishers to Race Rock Light. On Fishers Island, which has a length of about seven miles, and consists of high hill and moorland, there should be mortar batteries, with some high-power guns at Eastern Point (and Watch Hill opposite) to command the entrance of Fishers Island Sound, which is less than four miles wide, and so thickly sown with rocks and shoals that an enemy would find it very hard to get in there if opposed by forts on either hand, submarine mines, and two or three ironclads. At the western end of Fishers, though, begins the Race, the main gateway into Long Island Sound. Here there should be another strong work with heavy guns. Four miles away southwestward stands Little Gull Light, where, as well as on Big Gull Island, close by, large cannon should be mounted. In this way the whole channel could be swept by a cross-fire from its two borders at Race Rock and Little Gull.

But midway between these two points, and right on the threshold of the Race, there is a submerged reef charted as Valiant Rock, with only some twenty feet of water. In a perfect system of defence, this reef should be built up with concrete and masonry, and made the foundation for a small but formidable fortress. If that were done, the four-mile-wide space would not only be crossed by the fire of Fishers and the Gulls (converging at a range of only two miles), but would also be covered in either direction by the guns on Valiant, hurling their projectiles in a deadly semicircle east, south, and west. It is not easy to conceive how, with protection of this kind, supplemented by battle ships, an attacking fleet could pass the Race. Since the Race is the main approach to Long Island Sound, it is of prime importance that this middle point on its threshold should be made a source of strength. Race Rock Light was reared upon a similar submarine foundation, laid by that well-known artist, *littérateur*, and building contractor, Frank Hopkinson Smith, for purposes of peaceful illumination. Valiant Rock could even more easily be made the basis of a powerful battery, for the water here is shallower, and nature has conveniently provided a broad table of rock to serve as the footing for a fortress. And what more inspiring name could there be for a place of home defence than Valiant?

Between the Gulls and Plum Island there is but a narrow channel, hedged with reef and shoal, and not deep enough for vessels of any draught. Batteries on Plum Island would do much to prevent approach to Plum Island Gut, and another work placed on the northern end of Gardiners Island would aid in guarding the three-mile breadth of water giving access to the Gut and Gardiners Bay. Here, then, the line of defence—which thus far has been traced *southwest*ward from Watch Hill to the Gulls and to Plum—deflects south, and then *southeast*ward, following the outer shore of Gardiners Island. A battery or two more on that side of the island would complete the needed fortifications, a passage to the bay between Gardiners and Montauk being too narrow and shallow even for gunboats. Finally, the steep highlands and dangerous coast of Montauk itself and the south shore of Long Island make a sufficient barrier against landings or attacks from the open Atlantic at this end of the line.

It will be seen that the general position describes very nearly a right angle, with the apex at Plum Island, a short leg reaching down to the end of Gardiners, and a much longer one extending to Watch Hill. It would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a position of such enormous importance, at the same time provided by nature with such extraordinary and providential means of protection. The islands are natural bulwarks, which have only to be suitably furnished with cannon and men to become impregnable. Moreover, shoals and rocks and the lay of the land render it easy to stop up two of the gateways tight—those of Plum Island Gut and Fishers Island Sound—with torpedoes and mines. In the third, the middle and chief gateway, Valiant Rock, is planted exactly where a fort is needed for making the protection complete. It will be seen that this rock, being the key to the main entrance, is the critically important spot, and should be attended to first, since the building of a fort there would take more time than the construction of works on the islands. A glance at the map shows that a hostile fleet passing in through the Race has but to steer nearly due north, and steam six miles in this direction, in order to reach and control New London Harbor, and that by turning to the northwest it would have the whole sweep of the Sound open to it, down to within a few miles of New York, unless we could meet and overcome it with ships of our own, unaided by shore batteries—a hazardous experiment upon which to rest the fortunes of the metropolis and Connecticut. One central battery on Valiant, and two terminal batteries commanding the Race, would go far towards keeping an enemy out of that great entrance. But it is evident further that in order to make our outer line secure, we must have the co-operation of war ships, and that New London must be taken as the immediate base of operations along such a line.

At present New London has no defences excepting Fort Trumbull, an obsolete granite affair on the west bank of the Thames River, still garrisoned as a United States post; and Fort Griswold, a Revolutionary relic, supplemented by an earth battery, occupying high ground on the opposite bank in Groton. These are two and three miles from the river's mouth and the Sound, and would be of little avail for modern warfare, except in a desperate final struggle for the harbor and town. Between five and six miles up the river is the United States navy-yard, which possesses a mile of deep-water frontage, some storehouses, a large drill-house, and one of the best rifle ranges in the country. What would be needed for the immediate defence of New London Harbor and the navy-yard would be two batteries, one on each side of the harbor mouth, capable of taking part in any conflict which might occur inside the Race. These may well enough be left until after the outer line itself shall have been fortified. But since war vessels must take a considerable part in the support of that line, the New London Navy-yard, which has long been neglected by the government, ought to be rehabilitated, greatly enlarged, and put in condition to perform the functions which would certainly be expected of it and demanded in the event of a war. One of the first desiderata for the well-being of a modern armored navy is that it should have fresh-water docks or basins where vessels may be laid up in ordinary, so as to avoid the rusting and pitting of their plates along the water-line, from which they suffer while on duty in salt water. The Thames River is largely brackish, and therefore favorable to keeping steel bottoms in good trim. But in addition the yard at New London may be extended so as to include a natural feature of great advantage, viz., two coves a quarter-mile higher up the stream, close to the Harvard boat-house, which are fed by brooks from the hills, and open into the river. One of these, Long Cove, receives from its source a million and a half gallons a day; and there are other brooks near by which could be tapped for additional supply. If a dam were thrown across these two coves—the bottom of which is easily dredged—a fresh-water basin would be obtained which could not be duplicated anywhere on our coast at so small an expense or in so central and convenient a spot. This basin, with a depth of thirty feet or more of water, could hold comfortably a dozen monitors, battle ships, and large cruisers.

A principal fresh-water rendezvous for Monitors now is the James River, Virginia, at some distance from the sea. It is obvious that there should also be one on the New England coast, within easy reach of New York. The fresh-water basin in the Thames would also be within half an hour's steaming of the outer line at Fishers Island, and not over an hour and a half from its other extremity at Plum and Gardiners islands. Harbor-defence vessels like the Monitors, not being intended for service at sea, must perforce remain for long periods laid up where they will not suffer injury from oxidation or corrosion. As the James River is the inevitable station for Monitors intended for defence of the Chesapeake and neighboring waters, so is the Thames at New London, on account of its fresh water and other facilities, the place above all others where Monitors must be kept for the defence of the Sound and New York, as well as of Buzzard's Bay, Narragansett Bay, and Vineyard and Block Island sounds.

Lest it should be imagined that a mere theory is here being expounded, or a special plea made, I may mention that a board of distinguished government engineers long ago, in 1867, reported with the strongest recommendations in favor of constructing the fresh-water basin as described above; and that a Congressional committee in 1868, after exhaustive study of all other proposed localities, pronounced New London in every way the best fitted for a new naval station. Perception of the fact that the true field for the defence of New York on the east lay at the head of Long Island Sound was not then so clear or widespread as it has since grown to be, in the light of later naval development. But it is highly interesting to note that even at that time certain eminent citizens of New York, being far-sighted, recognized this important truth. In a petition presented to the Secretary of the Navy in 1869, they said: "The undersigned believe, in addition to the intrinsic advantages of this location for a navy-yard, that its use for that purpose would largely contribute to the protection of the commerce of Long Island Sound and of the great city of New York in the event of a naval war..... The first point of attack would undoubtedly be the city of New York, as it so largely concentrates the capital and the commerce of the nation. That city is at present nearly defenceless to a foreign foe in its approaches from the ocean through Long Island Sound..... *The site at New London is the strategic point which covers the entrance to the Sound, and,* in the opinion of competent engineers and naval authorities, *occupied as a naval station, would furnish adequate protection to the city of New York* and the commerce of the Sound, thus guarding the communication between the great industries of New England and their natural market." This petition was signed by (among others) Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, William E. Dodge, Harper & Brothers, Brown Brothers & Co., D. Appleton & Co., J. J. Astor, Russel Sturges, Edwards Pierrepont, and William M. Evarts. The Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives had also declared that a rendezvous of ironclads at New London, together with fortifications at the Race itself, "would be a complete defence to the eastern approach to New York, and the whole coast line of Connecticut."

There is the germ of the idea tersely presented twenty-two years ago; but as yet practically nothing has been done to carry it out. The navy-yard, indeed, was established, but has been permitted to languish. Something of this result, no doubt, is due to jealousy on the part of other States on account of ship-building interests. But it is not necessary, nor is it any longer proposed, to build ships at the New London yard. The usefulness of the station would consist, as I have pointed out, in its being a secure and convenient resort for war ships, with good anchorage along its front, and twenty-nine or thirty feet of water all the way up to the coves, and in the proposed fresh-water basin. Moreover, the country around it is thinly inhabited, and the rocky hills, full of secluded hollows, are perfectly adapted to the construction of safe and isolated magazines for high explosives. Land is cheap, and if about a thousand acres were added to the present government reservation, explosives enough could be safely stored there to feed the whole defence line. The yard, also, is only ten minutes' distance from New London by steam-launch, *i.e.*, two miles. As occasion should arise, or in emergency of war, it might be used for storing coal and other supplies, and provision should be made for this need. It was in the wide river just above the yard that Commodore Decatur held his little squadron safe against the British fleet at the harbor mouth in 1812—a suggestive testimony even now to the strength of the position.

Navy officers who have studied the region have often and urgently pressed upon their department the importance of developing this station and making it efficient. One must admire their energy and faithfulness in continuing to lay before their superiors the vital importance of strengthening this strategic base of the outer defence of New York in the face of long-continued pigeon-holing of reports. That their anxiety is not unfounded becomes plain when we consider that Great Britain has a powerful station at Halifax, from which, if so disposed, she could hurl her thunder-bolts of maritime war upon this unprotected spot at very short notice, precisely as she could strike our South Atlan-

tic coast from the Bahamas. She may never even wish to do either thing, but isn't it rather foolish to remain unprepared for the blow when we have ample resources for establishing a guard against it? The amount of trade that passes through Long Island Sound coastwise is hardly conceived of by the majority of citizens. It amounts to a great many million dollars' worth a year, and all this trade could be paralyzed by a quick stroke from a foreign navy. In 1880 the entire munitions of war manufactured in the United States amounted to $11,000,000. Of this total, $9,000,000 worth was manufactured in Connecticut alone. A foreign fleet in the Sound, therefore, would be able to deprive us of our main source of munitions without even attempting to attack New York. Cut off a city's supply of air, and what would it matter whether that city surrendered or not? Shut off from New York in war-time nine-elevenths of the material it needed for war, and it would be as helpless as a city without air to breathe. But this is not all. An enemy in the Sound could cut at New London, and again at New Haven, the chief lines of land communication and railroad transport between New England and New York.

If of the loss which would thus be caused a small percentage were now to be promptly applied to building up New York's outer line of defence, with a strong navy-yard at New London as its base, the whole cost would be defrayed in a few years without inconvenience to any one. In time of action, while our battle ships and cruisers patrolled the Race or engaged the enemy, with support from the forts, our Monitors, emerging from New London, would lurk safely behind Fisher's Island, prepared to assist; for there again, on the north face, nature favors us with the sheltered waters of Hay Harbor and West Harbor. In case of injury, vessels could quickly run in to New London, and repair at the navy-yard. Thus, while the surroundings and topography are not the same as those of the entrance to the Mediterranean, we should still have what might well be called "an American Gibraltar," quite as invulnerable as the stronghold at the Pillars of Hercules, and much greater in range.

Boston can be equipped effectually to defend herself; and Newport also, if fortified, is in a position to ward off an enemy. But neither of these, by so doing, can help to defend New York. New London, on the other hand, if her natural advantages are utilized, can repel any attack on New York from the east, and thereby relieve the metropolis from dread in that quarter. It is well, it is indispensable, to protect New York from assault by way of the Narrows. But what will it avail to bar that small front door if the broad rear entrance through the Sound be left undefended?

Connecticut, not being a large State (though it contributed to the last war more soldiers, proportionally, than any other member of the Union), has been unable to wield political influence enough to get this vital matter attended to by Congress. But it is a thing that really concerns New York quite as much as it does Connecticut, if not more. Fisher's Island, lying just outside New London Harbor, and all the other islands involved in the line of defence, are part of the territory of the State of New York. The two chief squadrons of our new navy have visited these shores and waters frequently during the past summer, and a delegation of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs inspected the proposed site of navy-yard improvements in August. These facts intimate a quickening interest on the part of the powers that be at Washington. When the Representatives of New York in Congress take up this momentous project in earnest, there is little doubt that they will be able to make it a reality.

A STRANGE RESURRECTION.

BY HARRY C. FULTON.

My death was a strange sort of a death, being tiresomely lingering, and not satisfactorily completed at last.

Death first laid his cold hand on my right foot, and when the doctor was called, he said, "Ossification!" Then I realized that I was petrifying, and must become a stone image, a piece of statuary, perhaps a rival of the Apollo Belvedere. In any event, I would be a curiosity.

The thought of being a curiosity, a freak, a something to be put on exhibition before a gaping crowd, shocked me, for I was of a modest disposition. I besought my friends to spare me from such a fate.

Death overtook me with less than a creeping pace. It was long years before he entirely claimed me, for inch by inch I slipped from life, and my right hand and right ear were the last to receive the stony seal of that dread visitor.

The last words that I distinctly heard were, "He is dead!"

They were wrong, but I had not the power of correcting them, so I lay and listened to the sounds made in the preparation for my funeral. I could indistinctly hear the mingling of sobs and the preacher's sermon.

Then I knew that the undertaker was preparing to cover me from sight. How very hard I tried to move my right hand!

What is time? I cannot answer. It appeared like the smallest division of a second, but from what I have since learned I know that three thousand years have passed since I died.

My first knowledge of return to consciousness was imparted to me by the ear that held me longest to life before. My first consciousness was of the sound of human voices. My stony eyes were as yet without sight, and my calcareous nerves without feeling.

The first word that I heard was, "Strange!" I thought so too—very strange.

"A wonderful freak," was the answer.

What did it mean? What horrible fate had overtaken me?

The voice continued, "I have given the find much study."

Did the voice refer to me? I listened with all my power.

"It is evidently the petrifaction of a human body that has been in the ground not less than three thousand years. It was covered at the last glacial period."

I was satisfied that I was a "freak," a "find," an "it." At last this dreaded fate had overtaken me, after three thousand years.

"Doctor, you should bore it through the chest, to satisfy yourself of its genuineness," said the other voice.

I nearly fainted, and could hear no more for some time. I tried to think, and spent perhaps weeks in the operation. Then I had a slight sensation of light in my right eye, and I bent every energy in the effort to see.

I heard the voice of a young lady. It said, "This stone man is the most wonderful thing in the museum."

In a museum! Horrors! Yet I had a happy thought. I was returning to my normal condition, and when that was attained, I would rush from the place and return to the hole where I had been for three thousand years, and pray for another glacial period. Then I tried to open my eye, and actually succeeded, but instantly it closed again. I was startled by a scream from the young lady, which she followed by saying,

"He winked at me."

I was a "he." That wink changed me from an "it" to a man.

"All imagination," said the doctor, as he struck me over the empty stomach.

My hearing and sight both improved. I realized that I was changing, for the doctor frequently felt of me, and an attendant scoured me with whitening to restore my former color.

I kept the secret of my recovery for some time. I intended to keep it until I was able to leap from my pedestal and escape. But my plans were thwarted.

On the day that I was first able to move my right hand, the doctor came to me with a steel drill, and placing its sharpened end against my chest, began to bore. I raised my hand and pushed him from me. The secret was out.

After apologies and explanations, the doctor said, "My dear friend, the first thing to do is to completely restore you to your normal condition, which our advanced science will soon accomplish."

Then began a peculiar treatment that greatly aided nature, and I soon found that my faculties and proper texture were returning.

To induce my recovery, the doctor placed me in an environment as much as possible like that of my former life, as he understood it.

I was surrounded by a panorama of supposed nineteenth century objects. It showed that the good doctor had evidently got his ideas from preserved writings of Cervantes and Verne, and ancient ballet posters. A sort of phonograph was kept near me, into which was fed manuscript, and from it plainly came the sounds of the words that it was fed on. I was happy to recognize Shakespeare. The great dramatist has lived over three thousand years.

Besides this, three times each day the phonograph called off a *menu*. But it was all French. And some sermons found in a church corner-stone were run through the machine. They were perfect. I always waked refreshed.

I was in all things treated as though living in my old surroundings—I was measured for clothing, dentists operated on my teeth, creditors called, I was asked for subscriptions, interviewed by reporters, and a barber went through the operation of shaving me and trying to sell me hair-restoratives.

All of this tended to soften me, and soon I was a man again.

I was anxious to know what sort of a world I was in, but the doctor asked me so many questions about the ancient civilization that I had no opportunity to learn of present affairs for some days.

A phonotype was put in operation before me, and as fast as I talked into it, it turned out twenty printed copies of what I said. I gave it all that I knew of history up to the time of my death. The doctor was greatly entertained; and he was apparently amused when I reached the American tariff.

Finally I could tell no more, and then I began asking questions.

I am in a strange world. So strange that I hardly know how to tell of it. Selfishness is eliminated from human nature so far as to make the affairs of men almost self-regulating, and to reduce all government to a minimum. There is no labor question, for all work, though but four hours a day, and each person knows what he is best qualified to do, and he does it.

Then there is no financial question, because there are no money and no trading, and no need of either. It has taken me a long time to understand this. Yet how simple it is under the present state of morals, for every one delights in doing that which he can do the best, and all others are welcome to the fruit of his labor! How perfect!

I soon fell into the ways of the present generation. My environment has completely changed me. I live at a hotel without paying, and without having to tip a waiter before I can get anything to eat. What wonderful changes there have been! I have so thoroughly imbibed the public sentiment that I desire to do my part towards the social perfection. I asked myself, "What am I best fitted for?" I answered, "A freak."

There is nothing distasteful in it now. I am willing, I am anxious, to be on exhibition now, and in a museum where all are admitted free. As I am a great curiosity, that is what I should do as a matter of course.

For a number of years I occupied my pedestal in the museum for four hours each day. There is much that I would like to write, but I began too late—too late, because my condition of ossification is returning in spite of all the doctor can do. I have left my pedestal, and am now in bed, and gradually but surely returning to stone. When the change is completed, I will be taken to my place in the museum, to remain there forever. I wish it to be so.

My writing is very labored, for I retain only the use of my right hand, and that very imperfectly. Soon the expiring spark of consciousness will sink into darkness; yet I have no regrets, for regrets are impossible now. I will write no more to-day. To-morrow—

To-morrow never came to him, for before that to-morrow he was dead.

The account that he has written of his ossification is true. A month ago we thought him dead, and he would have then been put in his grave had he not moved his hand. He appeared to want to write, and we placed paper for him, and put a pencil in his stiffened fingers. The foregoing is the result of his writing, and we leave it as it was written. He wrote for an hour, and when that last word, "to-morrow," was written his hand fell.

A month passed without signs of life from him, and he was placed in his grave. May he rest there undisturbed by the strange resurrection of his imagination!

THE WORLD'S DISGUISE.

At times a giant spirit moves and stirs in me,
And I would rend the veil of human mockery,
Bidding each brother look upon his brother's face,
Which, hid behind the mask, they failed before to trace.
And I can see each starting back in sudden fear
Before the ghastly skeleton, the empty leer,
That would unfolded be before their doubting eyes,
Now hidden by the dainty hollow world's disguise.

Again, I think that if the mask were cast aside,
With all the chains of empty worldliness and pride,
And man unfettered stood before his brother man
That each the secret of the other's life might scan—
I feel that hand would reach to hand, for it would prove
That all mankind was one in Brotherhood of Love,
And that in each heart was enshrined Love's pure ideal,
That each had kept in secret, doubting it was real.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO IMPROVE THE GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

BY HERBERT C. LEEDS, EX-HARVARD.

Our American game of foot-ball as it exists to-day is in many respects an excellent one, requiring brains, agility, and pluck.

I have watched it from its infancy, when Harvard first imported the old English Rugby game from Canada in 1874, if I am not mistaken, to its present improved state.

It is the interest and fondness which I have for the game that prompt me to raise my voice against several evils which, in my opinion, should be eliminated.

In Rule 30 (a) of the Intercollegiate Rules will be found, "The snapper back is entitled to but half the ball." Which half? I asked three different centre rushers what they understood by this rule. One thought a vertical line divided the ball; another preferred a horizontal division; and the third said, "I always take the whole ball." It is only custom which has drawn the line. The snapper back should be entitled to the whole ball. Under the present rules, what do we see when two teams line up? The two centre rushers begin at once to struggle and push. I think most people will agree that I have put it mildly. One is endeavoring to get the ball back to his quarter back, and to hold his ground; the other is trying to upset him *before* the actual play begins. In fact, this senseless struggle spreads more or less throughout the whole rush line. This is not only vexatious both to the teams and the spectators, but it causes endless delays. The ball is sometimes actually put in play by the wrong side. The players then pile up on each other, and, after order is restored, the verdict is: "Nothing done. Ball not put in play properly"; provided, of course, that the referee has been fortunate enough to see the play. This is not good honest sport; it is beating the rules. Interference should begin only *after* the ball has been put in play. Such a result is next to impossible if each side owns half of the ball. Theoretically, even under the present rules, play should begin after the ball is started; but it doesn't, and won't as long as men are human and are in contact with each other.

As a consequence of the two rush lines touching one another, it is extremely difficult to obviate these wrestling and sparring matches. If a rule cannot be made to prevent this, why not draw up the rush lines three or four feet apart, and not allow either side to advance or touch the other side until the ball has been put in motion? This rule could easily be enforced, since the officials could see better than at present.

This would do away with much of the useless rough play, and would increase the value of agility and headwork, while it would not do away with the necessity of "beef." It would be a radical departure, no doubt; but, on the whole, I think it would be for the best interests of the game. There is to-day too much of a premium on brute strength in the centre play. This change would also tend to open the game, which I believe to be a step in the right direction.

Many improvements have been made in the past six years. Why not go still further?

Should this proposed alteration make the side with the ball more effective (I am not quite sure about this, however), it might be necessary to reduce by one the number of attempts allowed to gain five yards. If so, this reduction would in turn probably produce more kicking—most certainly another step in the right direction. After all, it is foot-ball, not hand-ball, that we are after, or perhaps a middle course between the two.

Rule 25 reads: "No player shall lay his hands upon or interfere by use of hands or arms with an opponent, unless he has the ball. The side which has the ball can only interfere with the body. The side which has not the ball can use the hands and arms as heretofore." The first part of this is tolerably clear, but is not enforced; the latter part is consoling, but not explicit. The spirit which governs the game is not a proper one, and infringements of rules have become almost traditional. The worst part of this is the fact that the schools are being taught this kind of foot-ball. How can one blame them when the big 'varsity elevens show them the way?

Rule 10 is as follows: "Interference is using the hands or arms in any way to obstruct or hold a player who has not the ball. This does not apply to the man running with the ball." We all know that scarcely a play is made without violating this rule.

I think a time-keeper should be appointed to hold the watch instead of the referee. The latter has enough to do without being troubled about his watch. I venture to say that many a time the watch has been going when it should have been still, and *vice versa*. The referee should carry a flag, which he should raise at every cessation of play to notify his time-keeper.

One word more, and this to the umpires. In their hands is a great responsibility. To a great extent it is the welfare of the sport. I mean by this just how much foul play will or will not be tolerated. Fouls pass unnoticed almost under the eyes of the umpires game after game. The strictest rules are enforced in other sports, why should football differ? The umpire who first makes a stand and punishes *every* foul play, and rules off all offenders, both good and indifferent players, will do the game a lasting service, and set a good example to others.

MEMORIES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, EUGENE FIELD, CARL SMITH, AND OTHER WESTERN DIALECTICIANS.

Say, Pete, do you remember, in them happy days of yore,
When me and you was workin' in ole Stubbs's gros'ry store,
A-chewin' Stubbs's apples, nuts, 'n' raisins all the day,
An' kep' poor Bill a wonderin' why the bizniss didn't pay?
'N' how our dads they lectered us for perpetratin' crime,
A-playin' penny ante in th' church at sermon-time?

'N' how we loved Sal Peterby, as lived ter Hickoryville.
'N' how we punched each other's heads, 'n' fit as tho' ter kill,
Becuz Sal bowed to me one day, 'n' wouldn't bow ter you,
'N' nex' day smiled so sweet on you, 'n' cut me dead in two?
'N' how she jilted both on us, 'n' married Silas Prime,
Becuz we penny-anted in the church at sermon-time?

Haw, haw! Ye do? Yer got it all stored deep down in yer heart,
'N' from no single mem'ry of them days gone by ye'd part?
Waal, Pete, I'm glad ter hear ye say those words what you has spoke,
'N' jest ter prove yer mem'ry's good, 'n' yaint a-tryin' ter joke,
Jest shell out that there dollar, Pete, 'n' likewise that there dime,
Ye've owed me sence we played that last small game at sermon-time!

THE MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL OF GERMANY.

(*Continued from page 893.*)

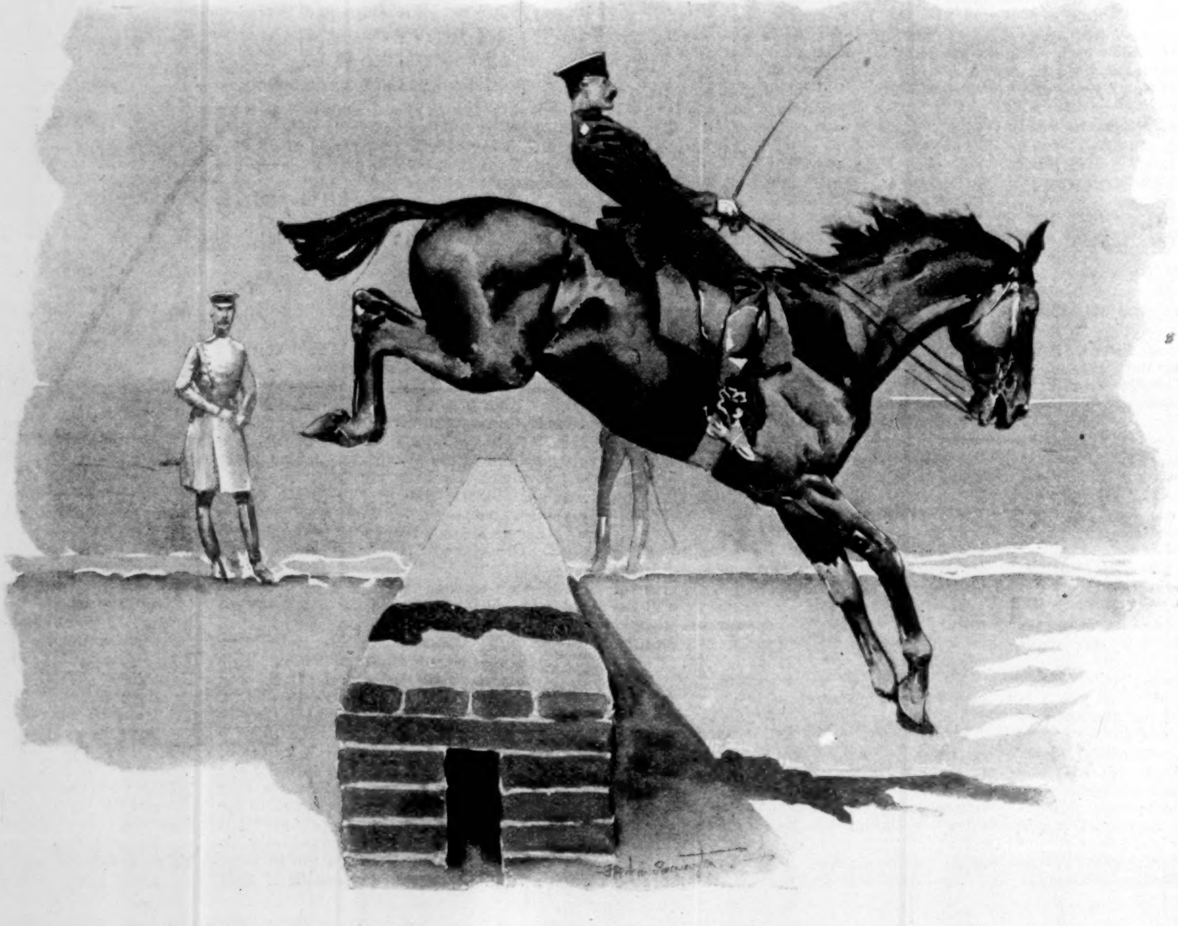
saddle. On duty, in front of their squadrons and platoons, they and their men in the ranks are required to ride close. The new saddle of the men is after the pattern of what we generally term the "English saddle," a padded leather saddle weighing, when stripped of all pack, 23½ pounds. The old saddle is of the Hungarian type, weighing 18½ pounds, having two side bars of wood held by pommel and cantle arches of iron. This latter has a detachable cushion for the man to sit on, rendered necessary by the clumsy way in which the girth fastenings are attached, and a strap that runs fore and aft to hold the man off the horse's backbone, greatly resembling a crude machine-made by the Navajos.

This saddle has been recommended for our cavalry; but this qualification covers almost everything that is to be had from hats to horseshoes. Both the old and new saddles require a blanket underneath. I have yet to find the saddle that equals the light, practical, durable McClellan, weighing but 16 pounds, giving a seat that is firm and comfortable, and, above all, a seat in which the man has most control of his horse and side arms. I willingly acknowledge to its adversaries that, like all other good things, it requires careful and even intelligent handling; for there is something about the way it brings you near your horse, something absolutely just in the hang of its stirrups which gives a man a feeling of ease that no amount of practice on other trees begets. Riding but once a week, and then only to inspection, and continuing this light practice for several years, I can well imagine that one would sigh for a hunting saddle and leave to "post," for the McClellan is made for rough work and lots of it.

For sixteen miles our party trotted, first through villages of quaint old-time, past houses where the cheerful, bright-eyed children by school doors danced with glee at the sight of the horses and uniforms; and then through groves of sweet-scented pines, until finally we reached the vast wild moors, dotted at intervals with farms. At one of these we found the horses sent out the night before for us to ride on the hunt. The hunting is a part of the instruction, and for this purpose the government has a large pack of fine English fox-hounds, with huntsmen under a "master of the hounds"; a captain of cavalry being detailed for this office alone. There is nothing that will give the young officer confidence and overcome his fear of the ground like following the hounds, and from the hunting-field he is ready to pass to the field of battle, and to lead his men over fence and ditch till the bugle sounds the rally. To-day more than ever must cavalry be quick, fearing no obstacle; for on its vigilance and sight depends the safety of its army. More frequently than before will it be called upon to meet on horseback and sweep away the cavalry of the enemy, while the difficulty of feeding the ravenous lines of repeating weapons, coupled with the employment of such masses of unseasoned troops, promise it on the very field of battle days as glorious as that of Custozza; at least so think the Germans. So would you think, also, after having seen entire brigades charging in perfect line, nine hundred lances at rest, at which even old Liether must look down from above in happy contentment on his dear hussars, of whom he is the patron saint. Through the kindness of the major in charge of the non-commissioned officers' school I was given one of the best hunters in Hanover, a tall bay, thoroughly acquainted with that treacherous boggy soil, so full of holes and cut up with narrow roads, each bordered by concealed ditches.

As we started, it was a picture to stir the cavalrist's soul—the clear blue sky of a perfect day, the huntsmen in red coats, followed by nearly one hundred officers, and led by the handsome old general, always in front over bars and ditches. It was one of the short hunts, being a "drag" of eight miles only; but the captain had selected a rough course, and as my horse gained the front, he had to dodge a colonel and captain untangling themselves from their fallen horses. I thought one officer would leave most of his hair and complexion in the bushes, his horse starting to run, dragging him at the same time by the stirrup; but, to my intense relief, the boot came off, and we reached the end without any serious accident, though with diminished numbers. A good cold breakfast followed, while we waited for the other horses to be brought up. In the mean time the mud-bespattered victims came in, joining the merry groups scattered about on the turf under a grove of shady old elms. We returned in small parties, trotting our twenty miles in about three hours, and though I have made some fairly long rides in the West, I felt glad enough to get into a chair.

Many old officers on this ride were veterans of '49, '66, and '70, several carrying scars from at least one of these campaigns, and yet they came in as fresh as any youngster, going on duty again in the afternoon. What a lesson these Germans can teach most nations! Not only by the glorious record of their armies, but by the steady loyal patriotism which tides them over the long irksome intervals of stagnant peace, usually so killing to military *esprit* and discipline, and at the same time to have the good taste to frankly admit the courage and admire the feats of their neighbors or enemies. You may see the young officer with a glass in one eye dragging his long sabre on the pavement, and think he is a coxcomb; but when you reflect that the rising sun finds him every morning out several miles from town drilling away at movements that he has been pegging away at for years; when you see the patience and the pride he takes month after month in transforming the stupid, awkward young peasant into a bright, quick soldier; when you think that it takes most careful economy for him to make the revenues of a small landed estate suffice to en-

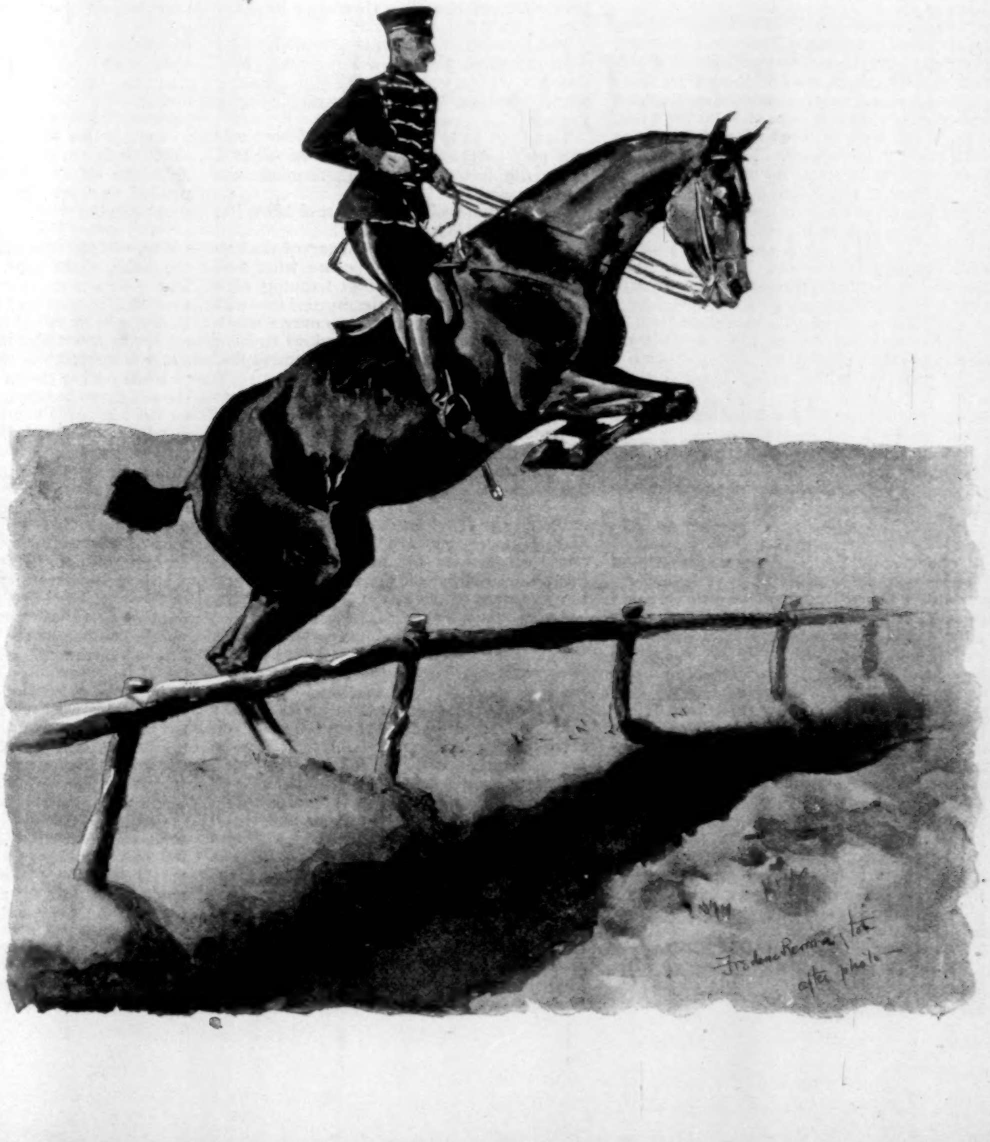


able him to live respectably—all for the privilege of throwing himself into the first skirmish or ambuscade with his regiment—your sneer is changed into most intense admiration.

The students of Hanover ride from three to five hours each day. The great drill-ground presents each morning an animated scene. The instructors are not allowed to ride, but walk about criticising and correcting faults; while following the chief of the school and listening attentively to his lectures are to be seen the field-officers and new colonels passing from one squad to another. On this drill-ground are the hurdles and water jumps, and surrounding it are the stables and riding halls, and still further the smithies. Throughout you will find most scrupulous neatness and order. One of the most interesting features is the riding hall for "high-school" training. The "school horses" are the most perfect type of the charger, and one can stand for hours watching them being put through their paces, making the "passage," "turns," "vaults," "pieffer," and all the other accomplishments that go to make the education of well-instructed military horses. Many of these accomplishments are unnecessary for the ordinary horse; but no better practice exists for the soldier to teach him patience, the use of his reins and spurs, and to acquaint him with his mount than this high-school training. The effect on the horse is magical, as any one will find who has started with an awkward, stubborn young brute, and after months of steady toil converted him into a graceful, obedient charger, and for every hour that you have spent, you feel recompensed tenfold. It seems to be the opinion of those who provide for our American cavalry that any quadruped of a specified weight, age, height, and length of ear will do, and upon this principle are our remounts supplied to the detriment of street-car lines and drays. More strange is it that many cavalry officers are of the opinion that having been given these brutes, all that is required is to put men on them and go through a few movements at the walk and trot, when all is accomplished. When such troops attempt to charge or even to move at a gallop, or to get within ten yards of a ditch, they go to pieces most naturally. To have good, even respectable, cavalry, you must have horses peculiarly adapted for the service, and, if possible, the men should be selected for it from all recruits enlisted. It is useless to weary the every-day reader with these complaints; but it seems strange that a great country like ours cannot keep a hundred troops of cavalry mounted, or manned, or trained.

At present, for war, we can call upon the thousands of horsemen of the cattle belt, and a few months would make excellent cavalry of them, but they must then have instructors, and hundreds of them—instructors who know the requirements of modern war, and who have seen something of the practical handling of large bodies of mounted men. These instructors must naturally come from the regular cavalry, and this cavalry should be the model, and there should be enough of it at least for school purposes, which is not the case. Still worse is the condition of our light artillery, it will have no reserve to fall back upon, and should in time of peace be kept almost on its war footing. All this may seem very unimportant just now, but once the present political equilibrium of Europe is broken, we cannot tell what trouble we may not get into with our neighbors, nor what alliances they will not be able to make across the ocean, or even in our very midst. Though it may not be possible to land troops in New York, I see nothing to prevent their landing at Vera Cruz or Quebec.

From the riding hall I was taken to the long pens, where the young remounts are first taught to jump, and then to the small enclosed circles where they are lunged. You see students and instructors after their hard riding lessons of several hours amusing themselves in the mud or dust training their young horses. The voice is used a great deal, and it was very interesting to see the young animals pass from the walk to trot and gallop, and then back to walk by command. Every casern I have seen has its "sprung-garten," or track enclosed between high barriers, containing several hurdles, low walls, embankments, that the horse must jump on to and then down, and an artificial hill with hurdle half-way up the ascending and descending sides. In these tracks and on the drill-ground the non-commissioned officers, whose special duty it is to train the remounts of the squadron, can be seen working for hours each morning while the regiment is out at drill. It is to this careful methodical training that the Germans owe much of their power to perform their brilliant tactical feats. All of the service about the stables and of the school generally is performed by soldiers detailed from the regiments, there being no permanent corps of men especially for this purpose, and the garrison of the town being entirely independent.



FIN DU SIÈCLE.

A NEW STAND-POINT.

BY A. E. WATROUS.

THOUGH the Poet's Wife was discontented, the Poet had but one grief as they idled away the summer days where the lip of the sea caressed the shore. It was that he could not get from the fisher-folk the story of the storm.

"You might as well ask the crabs you caught this morning to tell you the history of their evolution," he said, as they sat on the beach together—the beach which every now and then in the spring or autumn tide gave strange evidences that beneath its place had once been the habitations of men. "They are a hardy and a simple folk and picturesque, I may say. But they seem to have preserved no traditions of the wild work that the waves and winds have been doing before the eyes of them and their forebears these four hundred years since English-speaking people first inhabited this coast. If there were aught to wreck, one might think that they had gone back to their early ancestral customs of luring vessels on the beach with false lights, so close-mouthed are they."

The Poet's Wife yawned. "What did you say this place was?" And she pointed with a languid white hand out to the smiling sea.

The Poet smiled. "When you spread your fingers out that way, my dear," said he, making a clutch at the slender digits in question, and carrying their taper rosy tips up to his beard—for the Poet had not long had a Wife—"this little one points to what was once a famous cape; May, they called it, though there was little about this storm-swept coast to remind them of the fairest month in the year; and that tremendous thumb points in the direction of another cape, more famous when this coast had a commerce, but less poetically named. They called it Sandy Hook."

"Oh dear," said the Poet's Wife, snuggling against his sleeve, "I'm glad that they stopped teaching history before I went to school. One would have to carry so much in one's head."

"In one's head!" mocked the Poet. "You talk like a nineteenth-century novel of the bric-à-brac school. Why aren't you honestly ungrammatical, and say 'their head'?"

"Did they talk so in nineteenth-century novels?" mused the Poet's Wife. "Well, it must have been much nicer then. Do you know, I was looking over those great big old rusty newspaper files that you brought from that strange vast ruinous place where we stopped, where there was that wreck of a big stumpy bronze woman in the harbor—"

"Manhattan was its earliest and prettiest name," said the Poet; "though both Dutch and English tried their awkward hands at re-christening it. There are strange survivals in its nomenclature. When its 'leading citizens,' as the phrase of the day was, ceased to be an Indian tribe, whether they became a band of freebooters, like the followers of the earlier Kidd and Morgan, as some contemporaries assert, or an organization for the purpose of directing the affairs of state, as their own writers claim, is a fact lost in the mists of time."

"Well," said the Poet's Wife, "it was much more exciting. They had murders every day—oh, such nice murders!—and suicides. They made me cry more than those old novels you showed me—of the sentimental school, you called it—about little boys that saw golden water on the wall, and little girls with crazy grandfathers. The chief man of the school had a swearing name."

"Dickens?" suggested the Poet, smiling. "But we have murders and suicides now, only the cylinders in which our news is brought to us—for we would not commit such ephemeral matter as the mere news of the day to lasting type—have more significant and important tales to tell, the doings of the great world of science and art."

"They are very stupid, those cylinders," said the Poet's Wife, positively. "And I warn you that when we go home, I shall either put that phonograph out of the house or up in your study. I can not bear it at the breakfast table any longer."

"Very well, my dear," said the Poet, meekly. "But what else did you like about that time as revealed in the old files? How far have you dabbled in the black art of history, for the love of which your husband is dignified with the style and title of the Apostle of Reaction by our modern sages, who would compel us to look only forward?"

"Oh, it was so much more joyous!" said the Poet's Wife, clasping her hands on her knee. "There were letters from these buried places, and in those letters the people all dance and feast and wear gorgeous clothing, and change it many times a day. And those who were, I suppose, the great men of the time exchange quips and jokes when they meet. And they give such frank praise to the most beautiful women at each place, and sometimes their pictures are given; though they do not seem to be at all lovely in those pictures, and I wondered a great deal that they should say they were in the letters. There seems to have been no backbiting and no heart-burnings. Everybody seemed to try to see how much enjoyment he could give, and how much he could get. The music was always playing. The sand and the surf were always sparkling. It was not a bit like this stupid place; and much gayer than our own coast, where all the world but you and I go."

"They have music and sparkling sands and surf there, have they not?" asked the Poet.

"Yes; but you know what I mean That joy of living is gone. You bathe, and you think all the time that you are looking like a fright. And you sleep in a hot room in the afternoon and wake up with a headache. And you are civil perforce to a lot of people who you are afraid will try to presume on your sea-side acquaintance when you get back to town."

"'All the gold was red, and all the ladies were gay,'" said the Poet, laughing. "So wrote one of their own greatest men—the same who prophesied the New-Zealander in the ruins of St. Paul's, little thinking that he meant the Cossack. He spoke of the ballad writers of their antiquity, and he said, too, with rare prescience, that the world would look back with regret to the golden age of Victoria, when the poor did not envy the rich, nor the rich grind the faces of the poor. I fancy, dear, that that *fin du siècle* of theirs of which they talked so much, as if it were the culmination of all things, was not so halcyonic as sea-shore letters made it out to be. Yet it certainly seems so."

"But it was all so much simpler. They could be democratic then without fear of any one's taking advantage of it, don't you know?" said the Poet's Wife, not pushed for a fresh argument, but going rhapsodically on, propelled by her store of impressions gathered from the old files. "Why, I saw a picture of a man with a beard, in a bathing-suit, ducking a little boy in the ocean, and I read the text, and it was the President and his grandson, and there was a crowd of people watching them on the beach. The President told the letter-writer when he came out that the water was cold; and that was the same President you told me about whose grandfather was another President, and whose great-grandfather was a Governor, and a signer, and one of whose ancestors—oh, way, way back—had killed an old English king."

The Poet's face darkened. "After they had sacrificed two Presidents, and their successors another, to their curious notions of democracy," he said, "they stopped all that. Lincoln and Garfield were infinitely greater men; but the death of McKee—that little boy whom you saw being ducked by his grandfather—at the hands of an Italian bootblack, whose new brass-bound street chair had recommended his services to his ultra-democratic excellency, put an end to that business. The Italian was of the Mafia. A member of the brotherhood had killed a deputy marshal. His pardon had been refused. The bootblack's chair had been prepared for electrothany. Oh, it was sickening! The ruler of a hundred million people broiled in public like a chop in a grill-room window. Yet I doubt if, for all their democracy, the President conversed in his bathing suit with a sea-shore letter-writer. There was in use at the time an elusive and multi-meaning term called "fake," whose precise etymology and application I have hunted through many authorities while working on this epic. If you will give me the date of that picture and letter, I will look in the columns of rival journals for a few days thereafter to see if it is not thus denominated?"

The Poet's Wife began to cry softly. "I d-d-don't think you are a P-p-p-oet at all," she said, with a whimper. "Y-y-you destroy all my illusions. What will *you* do for poetry yourself?"

The Poet kissed his Wife. "There was true poetry enough in the time," he said, "if I can dig it out. Listen, there comes the Over-sea Express."

"Only one aerolite a day!" said his Wife, scornfully. "What a hole!"

Out of the broad red pathway of the setting sun upon the water came what had seemed at first the laborious flapping of a sea-gull's wing, then like the mysterious swift passage of a wind-spurred ship over a windless sea. Soon came a tremendous rushing and beating overhead as of a thousand eagles' wings. Then it ceased.

"They are putting out the parachute to know if there are passengers for the West. Oh, come, let us go from this lonesome place!" said the Poet's Wife.

"Only one more day, dear," said the Poet, gently, as the gold-buttoned functionary alighted at the little station from the parachute of the Two Capitals—St. Petersburg and St. Louis—Limited Aerolite. "I have heard of one very old fisherman who lives down the beach, whose great-grandfather told him the story of the Storm."

And as his Wife tripped with a pretty pout toward the fisherman's house where they were staying, and the great aerial train rushed Westward, the Poet gazed sadly out at the sea.

"I fear that I can never grasp it," he said. "And yet, what a time! What a volcano they danced upon! Unwarned by the great storm of '89, they danced and drank and flirted and feasted here until the greater earthquake-born tempest of 1900 swept upon them all, man and maid, mother and child, millionaire and scullion, in their jewels and silks, among their fragile, gay-painted kiosks and caravansaries, and silenced all the songs and laughter and love whisperings of a hundred thousand merrymakers in sandy, clammy death. Nor in their graver affairs had they much longer foresight. Their sympathies were with barbaric Russia in her struggle with western Europe. They could not see that the eruption of her hordes, consequent upon the perfidious and surreptitious breach of the Treaty of Disarmament, would turn the lands with which they had had commerce into primitive fields and forests incapable of trade with other nations. They could not see that the downfall of the British Empire, which they thought to their benefit, was merely its transference to its Oriental seat, where its trade, revived, went to America's western coast, and carried wealth, arts, letters, science, with it. They could not see what was to come. How can I see what was?"

So the Poet turned back to the fisherman's house. And in the night he heard his Wife moan in her sleep for the sands and surf that had ceased to sparkle, the music that had ceased to play, the joy that had ceased to be, in the Arcadian *fin du siècle XIXeme*.

COAL AND GUNS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

A CERTAIN amount of elementary knowledge, not necessarily superficial, relating to the ponderous tools used in war, is not difficult of acquisition. To study the strategic side of warfare is something else. That requires genius for its interpretation.

To-day the United States discusses the eventualities of war. Believing that a condition of strife is ever so far remote, we would be living in a fool's paradise were we to imagine that it was never to have an existence. If such were the fixed idea, West Point and Annapolis would have no *raison d'être*. In a brief article entitled "The Italian Navy" (HARPER'S WEEKLY, April 11, 1891) the tonnage and guns of the first, second, and third rate ships of war of that state were compared with ours of similar classes. The subject of efficiency was purposely omitted.

The one great subject in regard to which the navy expert is still at sea is that of "coal existence," or, to use the more apt term, "coal life." In the various navies of the world there are many vessels of 10,000 tons, with an average speed of 14 knots. At, say, twelve o'clock mid-day a man-of-war has all her terrific powers of destruction at a maximum. She has under her boilers the requisite quota of coal. At 4 P.M. she may be nothing more than a floating fortress out of place, therefore useless, because her final bit of coal has made her last globule of steam. A ship of war must be aggressive. Deprive her of her mobility, and her functions cease.

It cannot have escaped notice that when the English naval manœuvres took place, some two years ago, great attention was paid by the officers in command to methods of transshipment of coal in open sea from one vessel to another. In calm weather a ship of war might work with transports freighted with coal, and replenish, but in rough weather this would be impossible. In an article which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 20, 1889, entitled "The Great Naval Manœuvres," from actual observations, Mr. Poultney Bigelow stated that the transshipment of coal, under the most fortunate circumstances, was only 36 tons per hour, and such sparse fuel-feeding was insignificant. It is not, however, impossible, looking towards fuel exigencies in the future, that specially constructed transports, whose cargoes would be coal alone, will follow in the wake of fleets, and that these ambulant store-ships will be quick and speedy. It is nevertheless unlikely—at least at present—that they would be armed so as to make them capable of self-protection. It is obvious, then, that if they could not stave off an attack, and other ships depended on them for coals, the weaker link snapping, the whole chain would break.

Take such a fine English ship as the *Impérieuse*, of 7400 tons and 8000 horse-power, or the *Italia*, 13,900 tons, 18,000 horse-power—that means a consumption at the least of over 1200 tons of coal during a round cruise. Everybody knows that a ship of war is not an ocean racer, the latter losing custom if she is a laggard. A man-of-war is supposed to husband her resources. When put to it, she can get to her maximum of speed, but war on the high seas can never be hampered by any fixed rules, and there would be a thousand circumstances when a 7000 or 13,000 ton ship would want to use from start to finish every pound of steam and every revolution of her propellor or propellors. There is a comic side to this coal trouble. Suppose two men-of-war were to engage, ending in the capture of one. It would not be for the victor, as in times of yore, the appropriation of "beef and biscuit," but the very first thing the thoughtful captain of the victorious ship would be after would be the coal of the captured. If the difficulties of transshipment could be overcome, there might be still another trouble, for the looted coals might not be available for the captor's grate bars. On the land ordnance departments make it a point that calibres of rifles, guns, and cartridges must differ from those used in another foreign service. Catch Germans and French having duplicate fire-arms!

Coaling depots, with their hundreds of thousands of tons of fuel, may be installed, but they would present allurements which an enterprising foe would be certain to pay his respects to. As far as the United States is concerned, there is only one power possessing the capability of making and keeping such coal depots; and English officers who have carefully studied such complex subjects are conscious of how difficult it would be in case of war to keep such coaling depots intact. It can be seen, then, what are the limitations of ships of war moved by steam. We never can go back to sails. When the winds blew, providing there was food, drink, powder, guns, and no scurvy on board, canvas ships of seventy years since could sail anywhere. Steam limits duration of voyage, whether the vessel of 1891 flies the flag of Chili, China, or Russia.

Something which surprises a general public is in regard to the life of the gun. A great gun, with its complicated carriage, is not dear when quoted at $100,000. Take the gun alone, and it may be worth at prime cost $75,000. Every time it is fired off it depreciates. As far as we know, after its 200th discharge it is valueless, save for old iron and steel, and must retire to the scrap heap. After its 199th discharge there is no reason to suppose that by its bursting it would kill its gunners, but to fire a charge in it is to waste ammunition. To use a familiar expression, when at its first fire it was an arm of precision, at its 200th fire the projectile would "not hit a barn door." Guns are not pointed to make a noise, but to sink, by the projectiles they throw, an enemy's ship, dismantle a fortress, or knock over the cannon of a foe. The cost of the powder and shell of a heavy gun being estimated to be worth anything from $150 to $500 per discharge, to use a blundering piece for such expensive things would be nothing more than folly. The reason for the disintegration of heavy ordnance is simple. Modern artillerists have centupled the force of the discharge, and have not been able to give additional strength to the metal. Iron and steel remain fixed, normal, but for only a certain time. Increase the thickness of your gun all you please, and build one of 500 tons, which would be unmanageable, still you cannot keep up that interior position of the gun, the bore. It will alter. The character of the material will not remain fixed. Hammer the best steel or the best iron or the best bronze long enough and you alter its molecular form. To get a more resisting metal, obtaining it by new processes of manufacture, is what the inventor is working for; and so every few months attempts made in this direction may be read of. It would be foolhardy for any one to advance the idea that increased resistance of metal is not attainable, only this, that the solution of the problem began when in remote ages the first bit of wrought iron or steel was made.

A matter which shows that proper rivalry by the army and navy, not in our own service, but in all services, is the discussion as to the relative efficiency of the gun when mounted on land, a stable base, or at sea, which on a ship must be an unstable one. It can hardly be thought a subject of serious argument, for it is generally believed by the impartial that "one gun on the land is worth ten on the sea." But this assumption may be likely enough erroneous and capable of correction, and so we might modify it in this way—"once the gun on the shore was thought to be worth ten at sea." The wonderful improvement in the accuracy of fire of guns mounted on shipboard was fully explained in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of June, 1890, in an article, "The Enemy's Distance," where the invention of Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske's range-finder was described. Of course the same means for insuring additional accuracy would be taken by guns trained on the land.

England does not dread invasion, though her chances of an attack seem to be less remote than ours. She is supposed, however, to be better prepared than is the United States, though her own authorities, as far as her land defences go, are constantly representing her deficiencies.

In a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* the statement is made that "our [the English] forts have to cope only with the fire of ships. . . . What we have to do, therefore, in our land fortifications is practically to resist and reply to the fire of ships." Then follows this rather strong indictment, "that the whole tendency of modern invention is to weaken the offensive power of ships against land defences." This statement goes too far, for it rather entertains the idea of the possibility of ships getting the better in some way or other of the land defence. Ships are made primarily to fight ships, not to fight the land; but—and the "but" is everything in warfare—opportunities may come when the destructive powers of a ship may inflict indescribable punishment on the land. A man like Nelson, who might know little or care less about "the precision or stability of platforms," were he alive to-day, and in command of a modern fleet, would not bother one minute with short-range fire at forts off Sandy Hook or elsewhere. He would deliberately ignore them, and let fly, a mile or so over Sandy Hook, shot and shell galore, and so destroy property in a big city which might happen accidentally to lie not very far beyond. A certain lot of miserable pop-gun-armed sea defences he would laugh at.

Curious are the mental divergencies of both the army and navy Chauvinist. Now there can be no question but that the Moncrieff system of mounting guns on the land will modify the coming system of earth defences. The Moncrieff gun-carriage may be best understood when it is likened to the ghost in the melodrama. The gun pops up, delivers its fire, then sinks down again—gets out of sight, as does the theatrical personage, through the trap. The recoil is utilized; it

is the motive power. When the English ordnance expert inveighs against the complications of the gun *per se*, he fails to say a word as to the additional intricate mechanism of the carriage. The Moncrieff apostle believes more in the carriage than in the gun. "But we are not to be saved by gun-carriages alone," cynically remarks the soldier and sailor who learnt their business a quarter of a century ago.

What has been the crucial experiment? It was the bombardment of Alexandria. An English fleet, freshly equipped, had mounted the best guns ever produced. They were served with shot and shell made scientifically perfect. What did they do, on a day which, as far as weather goes, the navy officer intent on cannonading only would have called "lovely"? Why, the effects, as far as the Egyptian forts were concerned, checked all theories "spun from scanty and misleading data gathered at the proof-butts." The fleet produced "astonishingly little effect." It totally failed to disable guns mounted in the rudest of barbette batteries. It is true the Egyptians, though brave enough, never could comprehend how to work their own rifled guns. The reasons advanced why the English guns did so little damage are various, but the most reasonable one is that the whereabouts of the Egyptian guns were fairly invisible, and there was no target to fire at. Perhaps the certainty that a man will commit errors was ignored; and this mistake will forever remain constant whenever the human equation is deemed of no importance, and mechanical ingenuity is supposed to be paramount.

Every man to his trade is an old and time-honored maxim, and so leading authorities in both branches of the service claim careful attention. All should know that it is only from the closest unison of soldier and sailor that a perfect defence can be brought about. It is evident, then, that our guns on the land are not such as give protection. It may be never necessary for us to build a fleet which will have the tonnage of a fifth-class European state, but it ought not to take long before we have guns of proper efficiency, well mounted, having the new requisites of "invisibility and dispersion," and then we could await at least with equanimity coming events.

A BISHOP, A MS., AND A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

BY CARL BAILEY HURST.

I NEVER knew how the MS. came into the bishop's library. Probably the author timidly handed it to the butler at the hall door. As secretary to his Reverence, I, of course, saw the note which accompanied the MS., and my heart beats pityingly even at this distant day when I think of its contents. I will write the note as I remember it:

"BELOVED BISHOP,—With great diffidence I presume to ask you to look over 'Deism Denounced,' which I present with this letter. In flattery I do not tell you of the admiration in which I hold your profound learning and accurate criticism. All of your exegetical works, and especially your 'Commentaries on the ii. and iii. Epistles of John,' have long been my friends.

"My book—hardly book as yet; but your commendation to the publishers will transform the MS. into one—is the work of many years. I need not say how I treasure this greatest effort of my life's labors. You will see, I am sure, as my child does, its worth, its truthfulness, and its possibility to shake the very roots of the fallacies of deism and other monstrosities of heterodox thinking. Feeling that you will be impressed with its merit, I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear bishop, with very great respect,

"Your obedient servant and fellow-laborer in the vineyard,
HEZEKIAH WEST."

That is the letter; commonplace enough in itself, perhaps, but read between the lines, and your heart will yearn for the old man who wrote it, as mine did. Think of his awe of the bishop's scholarship, which he felt sure would grasp the real value of his writing, and secure a word for a publisher who would place it before the world to controvert heresy, while he, the author, would rejoice in his declining years to think of his efforts to hasten the Millennium! Think, too, of his days of toil in reading the voluminous reasonings of Herbert of Cherbury, Blount, Toland, Ashley Cooper, Woolston, Shaftesbury, and of others! But he was eager to do battle with the archheretics, and eager to confute their arguments. Think of him in his restless waking moments at night, of the syllogisms he propounded and the conclusions he deduced! And, finally, think of the child he mentions who saw in his work the very essence of what was scholarly! The child must be, so I thought at the time, some one who was very dear to him, a companion, an encouraging help, who shared in the hopes of the great success of the book which the bishop was to cause to be published. I felt the child could be none other than a tender daughter. I could see her with my mind's eye, as I perused the note looking up into her father's face with great love as he sat by a study lamp assiduously cementing his notes and his thoughts into shape for the world beyond his door.

One morning, before I knew of the existence of the manuscript, I sat at my table putting into long-hand the dictation I had taken from his Reverence on the preceding night. The sun shone warm through the windows on my back, and I was beginning to feel sleepy despite my nine hours' slumber. But a longing for a siesta will come to almost any one, even if he is not fond of sentimentalizing. I was watching a fly preening his wings on the ceiling when I heard a footstep, and saw the bishop standing before me with a half-amused, half-disgusted look on his face.

"Dreaming again, eh, Tompkins?" he queried.

"I beg a thousand pardons! The fact is, you see, my arduous duties—"

"The fact is," said he, taking up my words—"the fact is, you live too high. I think when you come up for holy orders I shall keep you from passing, unless you show a remarkable proficiency in your examination. It had been my intention to let you through on what I considered your capability for work rather than your proofs of fitness."

Visions of a little country church all my own, a cozy library, a sweet wife, flitted before. What if I should lose them?

"Oh, dear sir!" I said, completely overcome by my emotion.

He regarded me a moment in silence, and remarked, with a tincture of acerbity in his voice, "If I were not your great-half-uncle on your father's side, I should seriously consider putting my threat into execution."

Here the vision of a tiny spire in a peaceful valley, a tender wife beside me as I sat before a grate reading the *Andover Review*, appeared in realistic colors again.

"If you are quite through your customary after-breakfast nap, you may return this parcel, with a letter to the effect that I have not the time to attend to the matter."

"Very well, sir; I'll do it at once."

"But I want you first to address this note to my publisher, and send it with the manuscript which I gave you yesterday."

The bishop handed me the parcel containing "Deism Denounced," and the note which he had written himself to his publishers. He gave me a severe look for my predeliction for dozing, and disappeared between the portières.

I untied the bundle, and read the pathetic letter which I have already transcribed. I pitied the author, but none knew better than I that his Reverence was up to his white cravat in work of a dozen kinds, and he could not conscientiously examine the many pages of manuscript. I felt for the author so that I was willing to examine the work myself if I could have helped him. I read the letter again, and then looked at the pile of sheets comprising the polemic, the name of which ran:

"DEISM DENOUNCED;

or, Deistic Doctrine logically considered in the Light of Profane History, the Patristic Writings, and the Holy Scriptures, together with a Refutation of the Deistic Writings of Modern Times."

I then noticed for the first time that the handwriting of the note differed from that of the MS., which was written in a style clear and delicate as if stamped from a copper-plate. I felt it was the author's daughter who had transcribed the original MS., freeing it of its ugly erasures and interlineations. More than ever I wished that I might write the wished-for commendation; but as that was out of the question, I set to work to frame an epistle in a tone so suave that it would not hurt the author's feelings and would at the same time excuse my master, for I had not the courage to deliver my message by word of mouth. I stated the bishop's case in this manner:

"Owing to his Reverence's severe illness, which confines him much of the day to his bed, and having his available time completely engrossed by burdensome episcopal duties, and, moreover, at present being so busied in the preparation of the Hampton lectures for the current year that he is obliged to commit most of his work into the hands of a competent assistant [that's Tompkins], the bishop, accordingly, regrets his inability to comply with Mr. West's courteous request. The cursory inspection which his Reverence gave the manuscript convinced him of its intrinsic merit, and he is sure, etc., etc."

I put my whole soul into that note to make it sweet, and as I am not so much of a fool as the bishop is pleased at times to think me, I may safely affirm that the note, considering its message, was as palatable as it could well be.

For fear of another visit from his Reverence, I hastily put the bundle under my arm, and issued from a side door of the residence in quest of Hezekiah West. The house to which I was bound lay at the other end of the city. I walked block after block, down avenues, through crowded streets and dirty lanes, until finally, to be back in time for luncheon, I mounted an omnibus, where I sat, the only passenger, with my bundle in my lap. Ordinarily I am not nervous, but the sight of that bundle made me for the nonce feel so. I dreaded to meet the author. I hoped he would be out, and his daughter too, and no one else about besides a servant; but I was afraid to leave the manuscript in irresponsible hands. If he were out, I should have to wait for him. Then I longed that he might be at home, so that I could have the agony over at once. Although I had written a note which would elucidate matters, yet I would need to say something when I delivered the bundle. I was at a loss for suitable words. The omnibus would put me at the door before I could join a few coherent phrases, so I got out for the sake of ten minutes' grace. I reached my destination only too soon, and as the sound of the knocker echoed through the hall, my heart beat sympathetically for the daughter's tears and the wreck of the author's hopes.

It was not a servant that opened the door. As I saw the spare figure, the thin white hair, the patched sleeves, I knew I stood in the presence of the author of "Deism Denounced." When I announced myself as coming from the bishop, a joyful smile came to the man's face, and with assumed lightness I glibly uttered my prepared speech, and handing over the bundle, I said that an explanatory letter was inside. As I was leaving, I said, for the sake of saying something, that I supposed the Lane Street 'bus would take me nearest to St. Andrew's.

"I think not, sir. Wait a moment, and I will find out for you." And then he called: "Naomi! Naomi!" Sweet name. It was his daughter's, I knew.

Presently Naomi appeared. She was even more lovely than I had pictured her before I could have sworn that she really existed. The clear pure face, the fine light-brown hair, the graceful figure, the blue eyes—beautiful blue eyes—I can see them yet. She looked at the bundle in her father's hand. I knew she divined its contents from the quick glad smile which flushed her cheeks.

"Naomi, my dear"—it was the father, of course, who spoke—"Naomi, my dear, can you tell this young gentleman the shortest way to St. Andrew's?"

"Certainly," she responded, and then told me the proper omnibus to take.

I left them, and never dared to even look back. As I hurried around the corner I could picture plainly what was going on at the house I had left. I could see the man in his study opening the bundle hastily to read the bishop's eulogistic letter. I could see him after he had read a few lines appear less joyous, and finally sink into his chair heart-broken. Then the daughter dropped on her knees beside him, and throwing her arms about his neck, lifted up her dear face sympathizingly to his. I felt a criminal for the havoc I had made.

It was the bishop's pleasure that I should take luncheon with him when I returned. I made a sorry companion for his Reverence, because the memory of my morning's work damped my feelings, and my talk became monosyllabic. I told the bishop I had returned the parcel he had given me, with a note, and that I had sent his MS. by express to his publishers.

"That's well," said my master; and contentedly he ate his Gorgonzola and biscuit, and at the same time checked with a blue pencil certain numbers in the latest catalogue from Quaritch, which lay beside his plate. Although these little incidents impressed themselves on me at the time, I was thinking of some one far outside the shaded dining-room. I was thinking of Naomi, of Naomi, with her blue eyes and sunny hair.

It was just three weeks, lacking two days, after my assault upon and retreat from the author of "Deism Denounced," that I sat in the library assorting some papers and letters that had accumulated on my table. I almost fell on the floor when I picked up and read a letter beginning, "Owing to his Reverence's severe illness, which confines him much of the day to his bed, and having his available time completely engrossed by burdensome episcopal duties," etc., etc.

"Shade of Casaubon!" I groaned aloud. "What have I done?" It was the letter I had written to accompany the MS. entitled "Deism Denounced." In my agitation at that time I had left it out, and put in its place the one his Reverence had given me to send to his publishers. The bishop's MS. had gone aright, because a few days ago the publishers had sent a contract to be signed for the new work. Hezekiah West had received the note, in the bishop's handwriting, intended for the publishers, Messrs. Daily and Reddy. What did the note say that a mistake could not have been detected on reading it? I ran to the copy-book, fluttered through the leaves until I found the missive, which ran thus: "I beg to present to your notice a new work, which I am convinced has especial merit. It is the result of patient investigation, close thought, and careful composition, and I feel confident, therefore, of its success."

Hezekiah West had evidently not thought it strange to have received this very commendatory note, which the bishop had taken the trouble to write to the publishers personally. My carelessness had created a terrible confusion, and while I was pondering what to say to his Reverence, a servant came into the library, saying that Mr. Hezekiah West wished to see the bishop.

"The bishop is out," I said; "but bring Mr. West to the library, I'll see him myself."

"Ah, my dear young man," said the caller, pressing my hand with both of his as we met, "how glad I am to see you, and to thank you for bringing me the message you did three weeks ago! That same afternoon I took my MS. and the bishop's kind note to the publishers, and not long after received a most courteous letter from them, telling me their favorable opinion, and their willingness to publish my work. They suggested a slight change as to the title, so that now my book will be known as 'Studies in Deism,' without a secondary title, and to-day I have signed the contract for its publication."

I knew now the whole truth. I expressed my pleasure at the favorable reception of the work, and begged the author to accept my congratulations. I promised to convey his words of gratitude to my master, and in parting Mr. West said that if I ever happened to be in his end of the town, he and his daughter would be pleased to have me call; and then the visitor left.

That casual invitation to call moved me strangely. I might see Naomi again—the sunny hair, those blue eyes, and gentle smile. But the discovery I had made would raise a storm that would wreck all my chances of ever seeing her again.

When the bishop came in, I told him of the letter I had found, and of events that had happened in consequence of its not having been delivered. He listened calmly, asked me a question or two, and then inquired, slowly:

"Ah, Tompkins, what was the time set for the examination that would test your claims to be pastor of a church?"

"Three months hence, sir."

"If you passed your examination, you would be obliged to leave me, would you not?"

"That would be necessary, I am sorry to say."

"I think I'll let you pass if you show any semblance of fitness in the examination."

On the morning ensuing this conversation I accompanied the bishop to the publishing house, where an explanation was made concerning "Deism Denounced"—or rather, I should say, concerning "Studies in Deism"—with the result that no change was made in the proposed publication. The work was so well thought of that the publishers felt no hesitancy in putting it into book form, and it was decided that upon me devolved the duty of telling the author of my own blunder. When Mr. West learned that his book was so popular, he easily laughed over my inadvertence as over a good joke; and although Naomi, who was present at the interview, looked displeased as I began to recount the details of my error, she brightened towards the last, and enjoyed the situation as keenly as did her father.

I call at the West house frequently now. Last evening, as we sat together, I repeated to Naomi the words that the bishop had spoken to me that very morning.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, after all, Tompkins. And let me say, as a bit of parting advice, that a young parson's first duty is to marry."

I looked at Naomi closely as I spoke. She was silent, and her beautiful eyes were turned to her father correcting the proofs of "Studies in Deism," but soon they looked up at me, full of light and happiness.

COLUMBIA'S FLOWER.

UPON a day in merry May,
Among the buds of spring,
Our bonny lass, Columbia,
Went lightly wandering.
And first she plucked a wind-flower,
And gravely shook her head:
"Too pale you are, too frail you are,
For what I want," she said.

And next she found a shady nook
Where purple violets grew.
"I never spied a flower," she cried,
"That could compare with you.
How neat you are! How sweet you are,
You modest little dear!
But, oh, so diffident! I guess
I'd better leave you here."

And so she roamed from flower to flower,
But carried none away;
One was too grave to suit her taste,
Another was too gay.
The daisy and the buttercup
Smiled in her face in vain:
"Too trim you are, too prim you are,"
She laughed in her disdain.

Nor would she heed one lovely weed
That through the summer grows;
She tossed aside the purple flag,
She flouted the wild rose;
And was so hard to suit indeed,
It seemed she'd never find—
This little lass, Columbia—
A blossom to her mind.

But one day through the autumn fields
With nimble feet she trod,
And dale and height were all bedight
With splendid golden-rod.
Then merrily she clapped her hands:
"This is the thing for me;
Type of the gold my broad lands hold,
To which the world is free!

"Oh! mine you are, for fine you are,
And beautiful and strong;
You are the flower that shall be set
To sermon and to song!"
And through the land Columbia,
The fairest child of God,
Went smiling, with her golden hair
All crowned with golden-rod.

MARY BRADLEY.

THE RECENTLY ELECTED STATE GOVERNORS.

THERE were elections this month in five States for Governor, and in no instance was the contest so close that the newspapers of the next day could not announce the result positively. Previous to the voting, however, in four States—New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Iowa—each side had every right to think that there was a good chance to win. In Maryland the Democratic candidate had practically a walk-over. In New York the battle was not fought on national issues entirely, as was the case in Ohio; in Massachusetts the Democratic candidate, a man of most excellent record and great personal popularity, was elected, but the rest of the ticket was defeated; in Iowa, though the Democratic candidate was elected, there were other than national issues dividing the parties. In the only State where national questions alone were discussed, the Republican candidate was elected, and it therefore seems probable that the Republicans in their future contests will make all of their fights on the lines laid down by Major McKinley, the apostle of protection, and the Governor-elect of Ohio.

MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Major William McKinley has for some years past been so conspicuous a figure in American politics that it is not necessary at this time, even after his election over Governor Campbell in Ohio has placed him in the very forefront of Republican politicians, to more than briefly review his public career. He was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, fifty years ago. His father, who is still living, was an iron manufacturer, a man of substance and consideration in the community. The son was educated at the common schools and the Poland Academy. At the age of seventeen, when the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Infantry, of which General W. S. Rosecrans and General Rutherford B. Hayes were officers. He was promoted to be Commissary Sergeant, and then Second Lieutenant, and rose to the rank of Captain. He participated in many of the severest battles of the war, and being mentioned in general orders, was brevetted Major by President Lincoln for gallantry at Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek. He served upon the staffs of Generals Hayes, Crook, and Hancock, and was mustered out of the service in the summer of 1865.

After the war McKinley studied law, and settled in Canton, which is now his home. In 1869 he was Prosecuting Attorney for Stark County, and in 1876 went to Congress, in which he has sat until the 4th of last March brought the Fifty-first Congress to an end. He was defeated for re-election to the next Congress, his district having been somewhat changed by the Legislature. From the beginning of his Congressional career he has been a member of the Ways and Means Committee, of which he was chairman when the famous bill was prepared which bears his name. In all of the debates in regard to the tariff he has been conspicuous on the Republican side, having been a leader in the fight against Mr. Morrison's bill, and then against that of Mr. Mills. When the last Congress was elected he was a prominent candidate for the Speakership, but was defeated by Mr. Reed in the caucus. At the last Republican National Convention he was a delegate from Ohio, and was pledged to support Senator John Sherman. Not a few of those in Chicago watching the preliminary skirmishes before the balloting began looked upon Major McKinley's chances for getting the nomination as very good. He, however, would consider no overtures, and maintained that it would be disloyal to Senator Sherman for him to permit his name to be used. To make his feelings perfectly plain, he stated his position in a short speech to the Convention. His manly action at that time cost him no friends, but confirmed him in the regard of honorable men.

In personal appearance he is short and stout, and his face is said to be of a Napoleonic type. He is an approachable man, easy, affable, and courteous, but always dignified. In debate he always carefully prepares his speeches, and does not depend on any quickness of repartee for effect. But he is so well informed on his side of the great tariff question that he is an awkward antagonist for any save a master to handle. His wife is an invalid, and his devotion to her, even when most immersed in public affairs, has always been most considerate and tender.

MR. ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

In New York the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Roswell Pettibone Flower, was elected by a plurality of about forty thousand votes. The mysteries of New York State politics are past finding out, and this election only complicates the task of him who before an election would predict what was going to happen. The Democratic prophets said that Mr. Flower's immensely increased vote in New York city would overcome any gains the Republicans would make in the rest of the State, while the Republicans talked wisely of the immense majority with which Mr. Fassett would come down to Harlem River. The election being over, both were found to be wrong. The Republican majorities in the country were seriously diminished, while the Democratic vote in New York city fell off. Whenever Mr. Flower has been a candidate before the people he has been elected, and he can therefore be considered a lucky man. When he first ran for Congress against Mr. William Waldorf Astor for the seat made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Levi P. Morton, who had been appointed minister to France, he was thought to be leading a forlorn hope, but he was nevertheless elected by the handsome majority of 3100 votes. Mr. Morton a few months before in the same district had received a majority of 4000. This victory gave Mr. Flower prominence in his party, and at the State Convention, when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for Governor, he went into the meeting with a strong following, and received on the first ballot 123 votes, to 123 for General Slocum and 61 for Mr. Cleveland. At the next Convention he was nominated against his protest for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Governor Hill, but he declined to accept, and General Jones was substituted in his stead.

At the end of his first term in Congress Mr. Flower declined a re-election, but he continued to be active in political affairs, serving on campaign committees and contributing to election expense funds. At the National Democratic Convention of 1888 Mr. Flower was spoken of by some as a proper person to have the nomination for the Presidency, and preparations were made to open headquarters in Chicago and push his candidacy in the usual way. But it was inevitable that Mr. Cleveland should receive the nomination, and the "boom" for Mr. Flower was still-born. In the same year Mr. Flower was a candidate for Congress from the Twelfth District, and was easily elected. He was re-elected to the Congress which meets in December, but resigned as soon as he had been nominated for Governor.

Mr. Flower was born in Jefferson County, in the northern part of New York, fifty-six years ago, and is of humble origin. As a child he worked in his father's wool-carding and cloth-dressing mill, and attended the public school of the village of Theresa. When he was sixteen he was graduated from the Theresa High School, and thereafter made his own way in the world. For a while he was the teacher of a country school, and boarded around with the pupils. Then he was a clerk in Watertown at five dollars a month. From this position he went to Philadelphia in the employ of a firm which soon failed. Returning to Watertown when he was nineteen, he became Assistant Postmaster at fifty dollars a month. Here he staid six years, and managed to save a thousand dollars. With this capital he bought an interest in a jewelry business, which he conducted with reasonable success until he removed to New York in 1869. Mr. Flower and the late Henry Keep, the millionaire railroad president and manager, married sisters, and after Mr. Keep's death, Mr. Flower took charge of his large interests as the agent of the widow. He managed this property with great success, and it has increased in his hands to very large proportions. Shortly after coming to New York he established a banking firm, which is still in existence, though Mr. Flower is no longer an active partner. He has accumulated an ample fortune, but in Wall Street he has never been regarded as a speculator. Instead of speculating, he has invested in railroad and other property with great care, and it is said that he never purchases the shares or bonds of a company without personally examining the property represented by the securities in question. In the use of his wealth Mr. Flower has acted generously and with public spirit.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

In Massachusetts Mr. William Eustis Russell, the Democratic candidate, was re-elected Governor, though all the rest of his ticket was defeated. This is the fourth time Mr. Russell has been a candidate for the office. In 1888 he was beaten by Governor Ames by a plurality of 29,000; in 1889, when he ran against Governor Brackett, he reduced his plurality to 6800; in 1890, when he again ran against Mr. Brackett, the tables were turned, and Mr. Russell was elected. Governor Russell has steadily grown in the regard of the Massachusetts people, and his first administration was heartily approved even by many who did not agree with him in his views as to national measures. Mr. Russell is still a very young man, as he was born in 1857. He comes of a Cambridge family of note, and his father is the well-known Boston lawyer, Charles Theodore Russell. He was graduated from Harvard in 1877, and then studied law. He at once took an active part in politics, and was the leader of the young tariff reformers of his State. In 1885 he was elected Mayor of Cambridge, and the reforms which he instituted attracted the attention of the people of the State, and led to his nomination by the Democrats for Governor in 1888, when he received 1000 more votes than did Mr. Cleveland in the same election. Mr. Russell is a man of wonderful personal popularity, and his gifts as a public speaker are of a very high order. There is no alumnus of Harvard who is better liked by his college fellows than the young Governor of Massachusetts. On class day he is always a prominent figure, and no one cheers more lustily. It has been a long time since a son of the old Bay State presided in the White House, but who can tell what may happen when the people of Massachusetts delight to honor such a man as Governor Russell.

GOVERNOR HORACE BOIES.

In Iowa the issues were quite complicated, but the election resulted in another victory for the Democratic candidate, Governor Horace Boies, who was elected two years ago. He was the first Democrat to be Governor of Iowa since 1854. There were in the field four full tickets—Democratic, Republican, People's, and Prohibition. There was a considerable intermingling of State and national issues in the campaign. The Republicans were divided on the prohibition question, the Democrats on the silver question, so that on the tariff question only were the party lines tenaciously drawn. The Democrats strove to make the tariff question paramount, and the Republicans, hoping to absorb the greater part of the prohibition vote, kept the liquor question well in the foreground. The victory of Governor Boies appears to indicate that the people of Iowa are thinking very seriously of the necessity of reforming the tariff. Mr. Boies is a native of New York, where he was born sixty-four years ago. He practised law in Buffalo, and served in the New York Legislature before the war. In 1867 he went to Waterloo, Iowa, and began the practice of the law. He was a Republican in New York, and also in Iowa, until Mr. Blaine was nominated in 1884. He declined to vote for the Republican candidate, and supported Mr. Cleveland. He has always been in favor of reforming the tariff, and it was easy for him after this first break to become a member of the Democratic party. In 1889 he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor and elected. He has written a good deal on the transportation problem, as it affected the interests of Western farmers. Mr. Boies is himself an extensive farmer. He has 2640 acres in Grundy County under cultivation, and a grass farm of 1100 acres in Palo Alto County. Here he has several hundred head of fine cattle.

MR. FRANK BROWN.

In Maryland the Democrats have elected to the Governor's chair Senator Gorman's intimate friend, Mr. Frank Brown, of Baltimore. Mr. Brown was Postmaster of Baltimore under President Cleveland, but he did not believe much in the principles of civil service reform. He is forty-five years old, and comes of a prominent and wealthy family, his father, Stephen Brown, having been one of the largest planters in Carroll County. Mr. Frank Brown has a three-thousand-acre farm near Sykesville, Carroll County, and he is a breeder of superior cattle. He was treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Committee in 1885, and has also served in the Maryland Legislature. He is a member of the Maryland and Jockey clubs of Baltimore, and is a man of social prominence and fashion.

HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S SUCCESSOR IN THE SENATE.

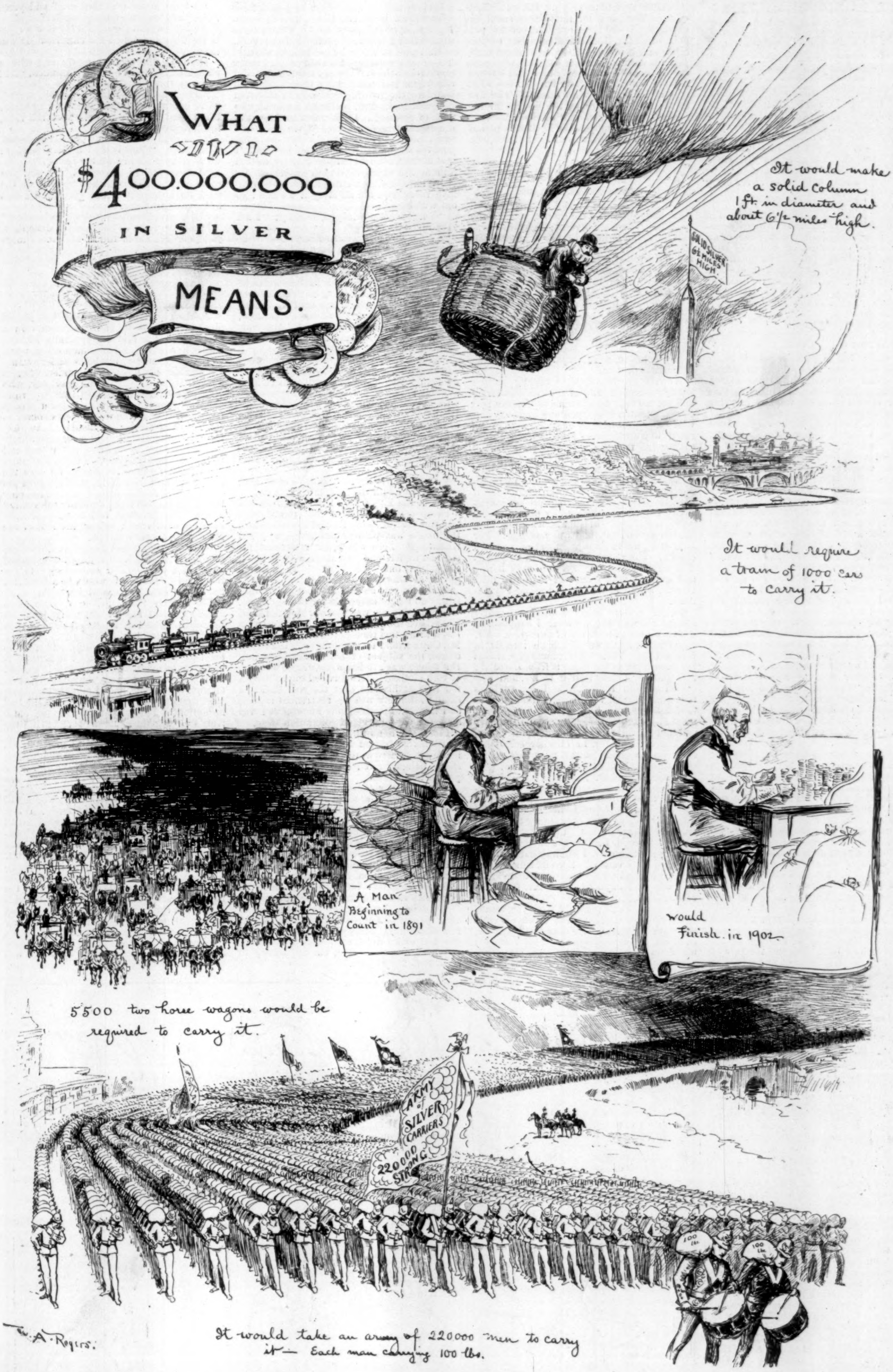
WHEN the Hon. George Edmunds, of Vermont, sent his resignation of his office of United States Senator to the Governor of Vermont last summer, it was a foregone conclusion that the Governor would select Mr. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War in Mr. Harrison's cabinet, to succeed the retiring statesman. Indeed, no other name was mentioned, and several months ago, though the vacancy does not occur until the first of next month, the Governor notified Mr. Proctor of his selection for the place. The official proclamation, however, has just now been issued.

Mr. Proctor, who is at once one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of his State, has long been a warm friend and a personal and political supporter of Mr. Edmunds, whom he now succeeds. Mr. Proctor has been an unusually successful man in whatever he has undertaken. His father, a farmer, manufacturer, and trader, was the founder of Proctorville, Vermont, where Redfield Proctor was born some sixty years ago. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1851, studied law at Albany, and began to practise in Boston, where he was living when the war broke out. Returning home in 1861, he enlisted in the Third (Vermont) Regiment, of which he became the Major. Later he was Colonel of the Fifteenth (Vermont) Regiment. For a while he was on the staff of General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, but most of his war service was with his regiment. After the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Proctor found his health so much broken that he was compelled to retire and return to his home.

As he was preparing to resume the practice of law, he was appointed receiver of the Sutherland Falls Marble Company, which was seriously involved in litigation and threatened with bankruptcy. He untangled the affairs of this company, and, buying an interest in it, soon became a power in the marble industry. He also in this business made a large fortune. In 1883 he consolidated several companies and formed the Vermont Marble Company, of which he was president. Later he formed a combination of all the marble industries of Vermont, and started the Producers' Marble Company of Rutland. This company controls the marble industry of America, and in it Mr. Proctor has larger interests than any one else.

Mr. Proctor has always been active in politics in Vermont, but he has never let his interest and participation in party affairs interfere with his business occupations. He has been State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor, and in 1880 was Governor, but refused a re-election. He was chairman of the Vermont delegation to the last National Republican Convention, and from the first ballot to the last voted for the nomination of Mr. Harrison.

As Secretary of War, Mr. Proctor has been unusually successful, as he took to that department business habits and knowledge of affairs which had sometimes been sadly lacking in its administration. Mr. Proctor is thin and spare and over six feet tall. His face is long, and in general appearance he is very like what our English friends delight to portray as a typical Yankee.



WHAT COULD BE DONE WITH OUR IDLE SILVER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 902.]

FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS OF SILVER!

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY DAVID A. WELLS,

Author of "Robinson Crusoe's Money," a Treatise on the Silver Question.

THE Treasury of the United States had in store on the 1st of October, 1891, 348,341,193 silver dollars; $15,848,620 in the form of subsidiary silver; silver bars to the value of $41,579,253; trade dollars (bars), $2,394,260—total, $409,161,326, or, in round numbers, $400,000,000. The government, furthermore, is increasing this immense store by buying *seven* additional tons of silver every working-day in the year.

Now what does $400,000,000 worth of silver mean? Stated in figures, or expressed in words, it conveys to minds as ordinarily constituted no definite idea other than that of an incomprehensible something, endowed with certain potentialities—possibly for good, possibly for evil. Yet silver is a physical entity, possessing the properties of length, breadth, thickness, capacity to occupy or fill space, and weight. Let us apply these properties to the $400,000,000, and note some of the results of such application.

Coined into dollars, the product will weigh over 22,000,000 pounds avoirdupois, or 11,000 net tons; and if its movement is desirable, will necessitate for so doing the use of 1000 railroad freight cars carrying eleven tons each, or 2200 cars carrying five tons each, or 5500 two-horse wagons carrying each two tons.

A cubic inch of pure silver weighs about 0.38 pound, and a cubic foot about 657 pounds. Hence the $400,000,000, if melted into a solid mass, would occupy some 33,500 cubic feet, which in turn would make a solid column of pure silver a foot square and about 6¼ miles high—the Washington Monument being 550 feet. Assuming a load of 100 pounds per man, an army of 220,000 men would be required to carry the mass, and would make a file, in close order, 80 miles long, occupying 30 hours in "passing a given point," allowing nothing for halts or "rests."

The Treasury counts its silver by weighing it, which is the part of wisdom, in view of the fact that a man, counting at the rate of 200 dollar pieces per minute, steadily for eight hours a day, Sundays included, would be kept busy for considerably over eleven years.

Piled one upon the other, the $400,000,000 would attain a height of 675 miles; and placed side by side, they would carpet a room 50 feet wide and nearly 24 miles long.

Great, however, as is the mass of silver at present in the "treasure-houses" of the government, it is being steadily increased by the purchase of 54,000,000 additional ounces every year, or at the rate—as before stated—of seven tons for every working-day of the year.

Other facts of special interest and worthy of note in connection with this subject are: First, that this immense mass of silver, so long as it remains hoarded, is as dead and incapable of rendering any useful service as it was before it was mined; and second, that the policy which has been responsible for the withdrawal of this $400,000,000 of silver from the world's markets and supply, has not only utterly failed to maintain the old-time ratio of value between gold and silver (1 to 15½), but has been also coincident with a remarkable decline in the market value of the latter metal. Thus, by the act of July 14, 1890, the United States increased its monthly purchases of silver from 2,000,000 ounces per month to 4,500,000 ounces; and during the fifteen months intervening between the 14th of July, 1890, and the 14th of October, 1891, actually bought and added to its previous store more than 2500 tons of silver bullion. And yet during this period the price of silver declined 17 cents per ounce, or from 112½ to 95½ cents. All available evidence, furthermore, points to a further decline in the value of this metal. India is believed to have absorbed more silver in recent years than she can digest, as is indicated by the great decline in the exports of silver from England to India during the present year (1891) as compared with those of the corresponding months of 1890. China has ceased to play the important part as an absorbent of silver that she formerly did, while her attempt to coin and circulate a new "dragon" dollar of silver has proved a complete failure. Austria proposes to discontinue the issue of her silver florins as soon as she can introduce the single gold standard. The further long duration of the Latin union is doubtful. France, though bimetallic, has introduced the single gold standard without any silver money of the five-franc type into her North African colonies, and has ceased coining silver (commercial) dollars for Cochin China. Germany is liable to sell at any day a large amount of silver, which she withdrew from circulation between 1872 and 1879. As the result of improved methods of mining and smelting, the world's product of silver is increasing in a very rapid ratio. Finally, the opinion of the majority of those who have made a study of the singular and difficult problem of what shall be the future monetary relation of gold and silver, is that no general international monetary congress looking to the universal restoration and maintenance of the former ratio between the two metals will ever again assemble; and that the main function of silver in the fiscal systems of the great commercial nations will be hereafter that of supplying the subsidiary coinage necessary for facilitating small exchanges. When these opinions become patent; when the United States ceases to purchase and hoard up silver, as at some time, perhaps not far distant, it will; when it opens the doors of its treasure-houses, and lets the flood of undesirable silver burst forth—what will be its price? Who knows? The loss to the United States by the decline in the market value of its hoard of silver between July 14, 1890, and October 14, 1891, a period of fourteen months, was at least $5,000,000.

A TALE OF A GRIPMAN.

BY IDA HELEN BALLARD.

ON Zero's twenty-second birthday her father bought and gave her a lot on the heights. There are several heights in town, and the name in this instance is immaterial. Suffice it to say the hills were sand; the roads red, untravelled, and tiresomely straight; the boundary fences new, and newly decked with imperative dicta to the running public in red, white, green, and blue from patent-medicine men and bottlers of nauseating waters. There were no houses within four or five blocks, but there was a glimmer of sea in the west, and the purple and red folds of the Marin hills, isolated in their ruggedness and lovely coloring, were virgin material to us for endless dreams.

A wild growth appears rapidly on the slightly enriched sand of the city's suburbs, and the next spring alfilaria and bracken and a great quantity of poppies and bluebells and wild tansy gratuitously enriched Zero to the extent of a springful of bouquets. We went to her lot frequently in the early spring mornings, for we belonged to that class of young women which people are finding now to be so unfortunate—young women who are not rich, are not trained to any professional work, are not needed at home, are not particularly helpful or intrinsically attractive beyond their own thresholds, who are idle, negatively content, and quite useless. Far be it from me to pass judgment on my own class of young women; but on these particular days, at any rate, we were very happy and satisfied with ourselves in Zero's little empire, where, in truth, she was most tyrannous.

As we always came at nine, we nearly always rode on the same car, I suppose; at least with the same brace of managers. Mr. Cutts had inculcated in me an interest in poor people. Their world, practically, was as far from mine as the moon is from the earth. Mr. Cutts had described it to me, and presented certain indisputable facts, such as that a broad-ribbed denial was the first stratum in its geologic history; that hunger and scant attire and disease were among the later and more accurately classified strata; and as he was a calculator, he cheerily calculated that some vaguely sunny perfected epoch was some time to complete the tale of geologic accumulations.

Possessed of these data, I set all bare-handed toilers upon one level of hunger and patches. In my heart I sincerely sorrowed for every shoddy-clad back, every hand that carried a dinner bucket. Upon street sweepers and laborers I spent the first wealth of my pity; principally, I think, because stooping gave me a vertigo. Zero told me so, and said I was too selfish to have any disinterested feeling for anybody. But Mr. Cutts encouraged me.

For some occult reason, I fixed my benevolent interest during these morning rides upon our gripman. He was the sturdiest, ruddiest, tallest, heaviest man, so far as I know, on the line. To be sure, his great-coat was cheap, and his hair was not cut by a barber; and on dusty days he guarded his eyes with a green cotton veil full of holes. I judge, upon reflection, that it was on these details that I based my philanthropic regard.

He came to know and expect us shortly. There were no words between us, for I never could frame the first inquiry into his material condition, and satisfied my conscience with watching the growing evidences of cotton in his great-coat. Still there was a mutual eye-flash of greeting. I was much interested in my especial representative of the poor, and was pleased to ride on the dummy, and compute his wages, and wonder how he lived. I was uneasy, even ill-tempered, if we missed him, noting which, Zero grew suspicious.

"What are you watching that great Scotchman for? You are all awry if we don't go out with him."

"Yes," I acknowledged, sturdily; "I am very much awry."

"What do you mean? Are you—" She paused. What suitable word could express her apprehension?

"I am sorry for him. He's poor and ill paid. One of his sleeves is half ripped out."

She made the echoes ring with her hearty laughter. "He won't think of his short-comings, such as rips and tears," she said, heartlessly, "but of his charms. My dear, you are a fool. Mr. Cutts's idealism will sap your wits."

The next time we rode to the lot, she greeted the gripman with an enigmatical but unmistakable smile and nod, and then glanced at me. I was so indignant that I quarrelled with her on the car, and we wrangled all day. It was of no use to accuse her of indelicacy, of treachery. She said, masterfully, "I have opened the way for you to do one of two things—begin your operations as Mr. Cutts's working pupil, or take another hour and another car."

"I will keep to my principles," I answered; and we rode with the Scotchman as usual.

About the 1st of May the foundations of a cheap cottage of about four rooms were laid right beside Zero's lot, and when finished, the house was painted pea green, with red trimmings. Zero was much chagrined, for she had understood that there were to be on the heights only "residences." In June the gay little house was completed.

Zero's lot was now so dry and brown that it was no longer agreeable for us to go there. One Saturday we went for our last morning. We missed the Scotchman. I had never ventured in all this time beyond a nod, though Mr. Cutts would long ago have broached, no doubt, the subject of his material welfare. But where was I to begin, on wages, weather, or torn clothes? Zero advised me to drop a red rose at his feet over the seat back. I should infallibly win his reverential regard, and he would immediately know that I was an apostle of plenty and Australian wool.

I had been not a little concerned on noting that whereas he had at first worn no collar, he now regularly wore a very stiff one, whose sharp points curved up steeply, and disappeared in his beard.

Zero, too, saw the collar. "There!" she said; "see what a mute nod from a kind soul can do. The man is denying himself to buy collars. You had better ask Mr. Cutts to counterbalance this uneconomical tendency. Æstheticism is not what you want now, but comfort."

I must have felt that there was truth in Zero's interpretation, for it was with relief that I saw another face lowering under the gripman's visor that Saturday morning.

We found the cottagers in possession of their home; and three children came forth, and stood in the sandy yard and stared at us. We felt awkward, for we were not coming now to a tenantless spot, but apparently to sit at somebody's gate.

"I want to see who they are," whispered Zero, "and then we must go away."

At this moment the man of the house came to the door and called the children. It was the Scotchman.

Realizing the facts instantly, and with a malicious glance at me, she continued, "Ah! you own this pretty cottage?"

"Yes," he said, with a Scotch accent. "I've had my eye on this place a long while. It's a good bit for a home. And the view, that's something."

"I'm glad to hear it," Zero responded, pleasantly. "This is my lot. This is where we have been coming all the spring."

"I know it," he answered. "I saw you come here, so I straightened up a bit on the road, for I thought mebbe you knew I was to be your neighbor."

"Yes," said Zero, evenly; "we understood."

I have been shy of poor people since then, and poor Mr. Cutts thinks me grown more callous than Zero.

HOW THEY DO IT IN BURMAH.

To the uninitiated, "foot-ball" as played nowadays seems to belie its name. In a fierce game the feet are generally kicking wildly in the free and boundless ether, while the ball is located somewheres under a struggling mass of healthy humanity. So, at least, it seems to the casual spectator, who will applaud a well-directed foul, and wonder just what it means when a good play is made. But what the uninitiated chooses to think is of no account whatsoever. In Burmah they play the game in a manner totally unlike the sport as we know it, but they call it foot-ball just the same. Only a few times during the progress of our game does the ball essay an aerial flight, while in poor benighted Burmah the main object of the play is to keep the ball from touching the ground at all. The Burmese ball is made of light bamboo wickerwork—about the size of the knot in the player's turban.

Imagine such a ball in use at a Thanksgiving-day game, with a dozen able-bodied men piled on top, and endeavoring to get hold of it. The result would be a beautiful flat mat of light bamboo wickerwork.

The players "line up" in a circle, each standing about five or six yards from his neighbor. The ball is started as shown in the first position in the illustration, and then the next player has his innings. There is no team-work; the game as played in Burmah is run strictly upon individual principles, and each man has his play all to himself. Knees, elbows, feet, heads, and shoulders play their part, and the main object is to keep the ball in motion, and at the same time to prevent it from touching the ground. Incidentally the players assume positions that would cause a professional contortionist to abandon his calling. As has been remarked, they call it "foot-ball" in the country of the Burmese; but we, who possess civilization and are prone to discriminate, would term it "juggling." But it is nevertheless a wonderful game, requiring skill and proficiency. When one player has had enough, and exhibited all his particular tricks of play, the ball is passed on, and whoever gets it proceeds at once to have an exhibition on his own account. Thus it is passed all around, and the spectators are duly edified and delighted. The *élite* of Rangoon society may rejoice in the game, but when the light of advanced civilization has driven away the shadows of that land, and progress is implanted in their midst, then will sure-enough foot-ball gain a footing. And perhaps horns, yellow coaches, and other evidences of enlightenment will then play their part too.

AMATEUR SPORT

Judging from what I have seen of Harvard's play during the past week, it appears to be almost a foregone conclusion that Yale must win at Springfield a week from next Saturday, and yet I have not quite given up all hope for Harvard. It is not impossible for the eleven to take such a brace as did the crew last June. Indeed, the eleven is in a very similar condition to what the crew was ten days before the race—splendid material, but lacking the unity which makes a strong and harmonious whole. But it is three men harder to put the finishing touches on an eleven than on a crew, and there are more emergencies to be met, more ingenuity to be exercised, more headwork required. It really seems like hoping against hope that Harvard can pull into form by the 21st; and what a pity it is that so much excellent material is to be sacrificed to—what? What is it about Harvard that seems to stand immutably between her teams and concentrated work? Is the Cambridge air laden with dissension? Must we conclude that the class of men drawn to Harvard are of an inferior quality to those entering Yale, or that her instructors are not so wise in their policy? After much struggling, there was a period of harmony last year, of united, intelligent effort, and the eleven, made up of magnificent material, to be sure, won. Now, what's the matter this year that, after last season's experience with policy, etc., the team is not showing more knowledge of the game in its play?

If it were possible to reverse the condition of things, and for Yale and Harvard to trade teams, the men now playing on Holmes Field would win the day at Springfield. Playing as they were when I saw them last, their winning is out of the question, and I do not base my opinion on any one defect, but on their general style. One does not need to study them very closely to discover they are not playing the game they should be showing if they hope to win. Watch them as they line up. They come into position slowly, and their attitudes in line, as this column has set forth before, are weak, and not self-reliant. They stand there like patty-cake men, awaiting their turn to be toppled over, and their turn will certainly come on the 21st, for if they assume such positions on that day, Yale will go through them and trample over them with utmost ease. These Harvard men do not appear to know the fundamental principles of blocking. Do they, I wonder, fully appreciate that Harvard won from Yale last year chiefly by her superb blocking? As I stood on the side lines at Cambridge the other day, I groaned in spirit to see the waste of strength and energy. It was every man for himself, and a merry scramble it was. It seemed to me, as I watched them, that when they met Yale it would be eleven men, each tugging away for dear life, against one tremendous big fellow, using all his united strength without loss of effort.

While this is on press, Captain Trafford is very likely learning definitely whether he will be able to use Corbett, Waters, and Mackie (the first two are pretty certain, the last not so much so), and he will be able to at once place his men, and get to work in downright earnest to improve every hour between this and the 21st. I should say it was about time to quit swinging Mason and Emmons "round the circle"; their merit and that of Bond's should be pretty clearly known by this time. Newell and Hallowell and the backs are, of course, safe for their positions, but who will be chosen for the others it is hard to tell. At all events, the men should be chosen, given their places, and kept there from now on. So many different ones have played, and at different positions, that they have hardly had an opportunity to become familiar with one another's play. Shea has been spending his time on the side lines lately, and is very likely laid off; he is strong enough, but too slow and clumsy. Dexter was tried for a few days, and did as well as could be expected. Several years ago he played centre on his class eleven, and was a fair man. He is a big fellow and strong, but just now untrained, and it is doubtful if he can get into shape to play a hard game, such as he would be called on to do at Springfield. It is not unlikely that Bangs, after all, will fill centre. He is not the most desirable snap back, but when once he is assigned the place, and has the benefit of John Cranston's entire attention, he should improve.

Should Mackie play, he will undoubtedly fill right guard; if he does not, Dexter may be placed there, and it will behoove him to turn up strong and fit to make any contest with Heffelfinger. Again, in case of Mackie playing, Dexter may take the other guard; but that would throw out Vail, who thus far is a better man for the place. Cobb and Gage have each had a turn at quarter, and each has some advantages over the other, though the former seems to have the preference. When the men are once chosen, and the final coaching of them individually and of the team begins in earnest, I shall look for great improvement. There is no reason why Harvard should not send out a powerful team. The ends will be quite as strong as last year; the same is true back of the line, quarter excepted; the candidates for centre and guards are heavy strong men, and with Cranston and Perry Trafford to coach them should become at least fair. Progress has been slow in the centre, because no one man has been given much attention by the coach, and consequently it has been out of the question to expect much. With Cranston, Cumnock, Perry Trafford, George Adams, and George Stewart on Holmes Field every afternoon, the eleven is certainly not wanting for attention.

Harvard may have the most brilliant individual players in the country, however; but if they do not combine their efforts, the crimson will not be "in it." The first thing they should be taught is to brace themselves in line; it seems odd they fail to do this. Their blocking last week was very poor. It's a very important matter for Harvard, and unless improved greatly will result disastrously. Their tackling is much behind last year, and the men are too easily blocked off. Above all, if I were in Captain Trafford's place, I would drill my men so as to get the full benefit of their strength and weight when I wanted to mass them against any portion of the opponent line. In such plays now, not half the team's strength is brought out; the men go into it separately, and, of course, accomplish very little. With Yale they would gain nothing in that way. The weakness of individual effort as against team-work was clearly demonstrated on Saturday by the way Stagg's much lighter men bucked Harvard's line, and gained ground very successfully. I shall look carefully in the coming week for Harvard improvement in this respect. If her coaches are able to make Harvard's line strong enough to hold Yale, the crimson should repeat last year's scoring; otherwise Yale will have sweet revenge in a larger score than that by which she was defeated.

No one will say, after following the University of Pennsylvania's play this season, that they cannot put up a strong, clean game of football. What the team they have this year would accomplish if taken in hand and coached and drilled as are Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, it is hard to predict, but it is pretty safe to say it would make any one of them play their best game to win. The game with Princeton on Saturday at Manheim was not so good a one as that with Lehigh at Bethlehem two weeks before, and the score of 24–0 in Princeton's favor I consider a very lucky one for the orange and black. Princeton did not deserve so many points, for her game throughout was brilliant and loose by turns. To be sure, the loose playing did not result in her opponent's scoring, but it did lose a lot of ground; and it is dollars to doughnuts something would have happened had Camp played the game he did against Lehigh, or Thayer not been knocked out early in the first half. Thayer's loss to the U. of P. was heavy. Martin, who replaced him, although making a couple of very pretty runs, muffed at critical points, one of which eventually cost a goal. The tackling of the U. of P. was superior to that of Princeton, but they were at sea in interference, otherwise Martin might have made a touch-down when only Poe stood between him and the Princeton goal. Mackie, Adams, Fowler, and Schoff played a hard game, and Church made some strong tackles, but used poor judgment in persisting in play that made no gains. There is no doubt about it, the U. of P. held Princeton's lines well—too well for the latter's prospects with Yale—but when it came to be a question of mere beef, the orange and black gained ground by its very weight. This game should be an annual feature at Manheim; the grounds and accommodations are perfect, and Philadelphia turned out at least 15,000 strong, with quality included in quantity.

While on the subject of the U. of P., I hear that Wesleyan, after contracting to play her game on November 21st at Philadelphia, has repudiated the agreement. The football eleven of Wesleyan has not covered the brow of its *alma mater* with laurel wreaths this year, and it would be a pity if it should now add the breaking of its promise to the other casualties of the season. The University of Pennsylvania has shown a very fair spirit in this arrangement of location difficulty, and it ill behooves Wesleyan to attempt now to crawl out of where it marched in with a blast of bugles. We all sympathize with Wesleyan on the hard luck she has had with her team, but there is nothing to be gained by imposing on our good humor and playing the petulant boy.

Returning to Princeton's showing in the game on Saturday, it was very evident that her coachers had been working faithfully, for the team-work was an improvement and the general play much better than that on election day against Orange. Before writing another word I must congratulate both Symmes and Wheeler on their infinitely improved game. Indeed Symmes held his man well, sent the ball back cleanly, and got through the line once or twice for a tackle. Keep at it, Symmes. Your great fault has always been inactivity after putting the ball in play. Wheeler played hard, and I saw him go through the line a number of times for fine tackles. Riggs likewise. In fact there wasn't a man on the line or back of the line who did not work hard, and I was greatly pleased at some of Vincent's head work on the end. Warren made two beautiful tackles—reminders of old times—but too often he was blocked off. Both Poe and Homans made pretty runs, and King's interference was very clever. Flint was a battering-ram who gained every time he was sent, and shows the making of a great half back, though I shall have some criticism for him later on. The game was an excellent one to test Princeton, and draw out her utmost strength.

Captain McClung, of Yale, who was watching the game, must, I am sure, have come to the conclusion that there is no occasion for uneasiness over the Thanksgiving day score unless Princeton improves greatly. And he saw enough to give him confidence. The fumbles and loose plays Princeton made would mean so many points were her opponent Yale. Unless Princeton follows the ball sharper and closer, and is not blocked off so easily, Yale will circle her ends until both Warren and Vincent grow seasick. Princeton's game is to-day directly the opposite of Yale's. The orange and black play very slowly, breaking through the line just after the proper moment, and following the ball poorly; on the other hand, Yale plays a snappy game, goes through the line like a flash, and after the ball with a determination that is not halted by the first blocking. In the game on Saturday, the U. of P. full back, Martin, was very slow in kicking, and yet no Princeton man ever got within hailing distance of him until the very end of the game, when it was dark. The men in the line must be wide awake and block hard and long, else Yale will go through and stop her kicks every time. Riggs is the only man on the line who tackles hard and low invariably. Harold, Holly Wheeler, all tackle high, and there is absolutely no steam in it. They *grab* their man; they don't tackle. Vincent and Warren can both improve considerably; they are too easily thrown off the runner. Flint works hard, and shows an evident desire to learn, but he tackles very poorly, neither hard nor low, and has, moreover, a tendency to slow up when tackled. He should take a few lessons in this respect from Poe and King, who gain many a yard during a game by going until held fast.

Playing as she is to-day, Princeton would certainly be defeated by Yale; but there are full two weeks in which great improvement can be made, if vigorous and proper coaching is administered. The material is green, but promising, and there is no good reason why, if every man buckles down to do his very best, Yale cannot be held down to a score that will retrieve last year's slaughter. The chief fault with the line is that the men are too slow, and the opponent gets through before they are alive to the situation. This and the poor tackling remedied, and there will be something of a team, for there is plenty of strength.

We naturally expect a great deal from a team having all the advantages Yale possesses in tradition, defined policy, harmonious action, and superior handling. We look for such an eleven to be at least thoroughly versed in the rudiments of the game by November, and certainly former teams from that institution have always shown a drilling in the groundwork equalled by no others. This year they neither block nor follow their man, and if any two points are important in the present style of play, these two are they. It rather puzzles old Yale players how these men have reached this time of the year so sadly deficient in these elementary principles. But they have, and there are literally more men in line who neglect them than who follow them. They fumble and muff and frequently lose sight altogether of the play in hand, and a most exasperating feature I noted was the failure to drop on the ball promptly. But while Yale neither blocks nor follows up to her standard, she is yet in advance of both Harvard and Princeton.

As for Stillman at centre, he is about as near a snap back as the oyster-opener in Flynn's saloon is to a conchologist. He sometimes puts the ball in play; he never pretends to do anything else, except to give the scrub eleven five yards for his off-side play. In October one looks leniently at men who are brushing up their weak points, and becoming candidates for a team, but when in November the men who have been really chosen, and are supposed to be the very pick and flower of an entire university, play football as nearly like a parcel of hysterical school-girls as anything else, it shows a screw loose somewhere. A team may have a host of glaring faults at the early stage in its development and yet be worthy a deal of praise. But when it goes to the first week in November without showing any pronounced alteration for the better, it looks as though that team was travelling the road to defeat.

Another thing that impressed me was the extremely tender condition of the men. Either they have been used far harder than any team that ever preceded them, or, what is more probable, they have been permitted to get the idea into their heads that the slightest scratch or bruise is to be the signal to stop and lie down and be sponged.

To name the men and positions for a football match more than twenty-four hours previous to the time of the calling of "Play," is always a risky venture, but after looking over the Yale field carefully, I am going to be rash enough to make a try at it. Stillman will play centre, flanked by Heffelfinger and Morison; Winter and Wallis will play tackles, and Hinkey and Hartwell ends; Barbour quarter, L. Bliss and McClung halves, and McCormick back. Looking over this combination, I must say that the line work ought to be as good as was displayed last season, but for all that, I don't believe it will be, because there has been too much lolly-coddling of the men, and men who have been nursed so tenderly can never do the hard work that is required in a long hard game. Individually, Heffelfinger and Morison are going to be the strong men of the line, but they are the only ones who really know what hard work means, unless, perhaps, it be Hinkey, who is certainly game to the backbone. The work behind the line, taken as a whole, will not be up to that of last year, because no man there can kick as did Morison. The idea of comparing McCormick with the man who stands behind the Harvard team, in the matter of kicking ability, is ridiculous. An occasional very modest little punt is all of which this youngster is capable. He is rather better on drop kicks, and upon his good days is an accurate though not a hard kicker.

McClung himself is quite as clever in running and dodging as he was last year, but he has not had enough playing to make him strong in his tackling and catching. Bliss is playing just the sort of game he played last year, his progress having amounted to but little. His tackling is rather stronger than McClung's. Winter has not quite upheld the promise he showed earlier in the season, and this is mostly attributable to his playing so little. He has a deal of spirit in his play, but he hasn't had the practice. Wallis has been doing some better playing this week, but whether he can keep it up until the 21st is a decided question. Stillman and Barbour are a slow but steady pair, and if they get enough practice together under the eye of Corbin and Beecher, will certainly be a stronger combination than were Lewis and Barbour last year at Springfield.

The championship of the Interscholastic League, which is made up of the largest schools around Boston, will be virtually decided this week. It will go, if I can judge from the past work of the team, to the Hopkinson School eleven, as this eleven has played seven games this fall, three of them being against the Senior, Sophomore, and Freshman teams of Harvard, and has won every time it has played. Not only has it won, but no team has scored against it; its record so far being 210 points to its opponents nothing. The boys on the team are from sixteen to nineteen years of age, and two of them, Fairchild and Brewer, who enter Harvard next year, might as well order the varsity jackets now. It is not star work that has done this, but the excellent team play, which is due to the judgment and training of Jack Fairchild, the captain. Brewer will be remembered as a very fast sprinter, who won several puts at last years' Interscholastic games.

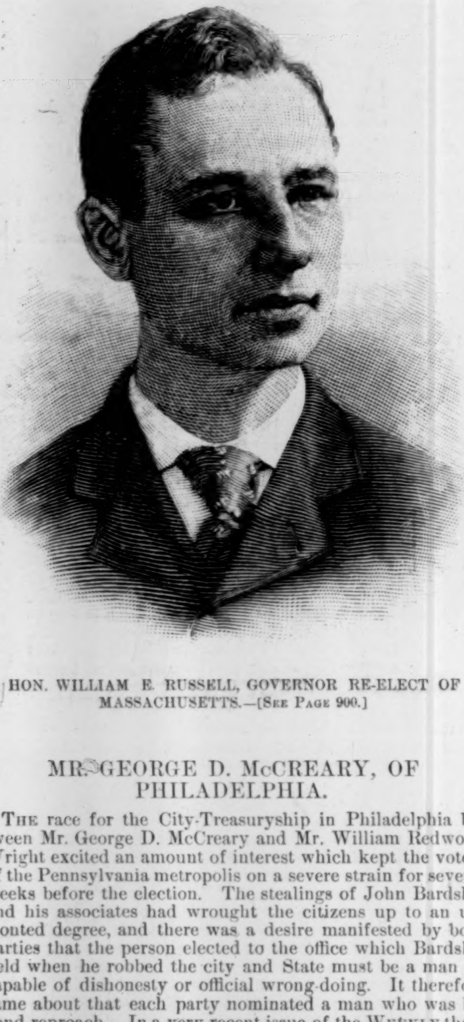
The Crescent-Orange game was a most enthusiastic one and a very clean one, which speaks volumes for the players when the intense rivalry of the two clubs is considered. Crescent's team-work was superior to Orange, and they went through their opponent's centre whenever and wherever they wished. Hewlett's rushing was terrific, and Beecher worked his long pass to Edwards very cleverly. The Lamarches, Hotchkiss, and Sheldon all did good work, and for Orange Gill and Spier. The score, 28–0, was a great surprise to Orange, who had thought to at least make the contest close, but they were outplayed from the start. Outside of the larger college teams, the Crescent is undoubtedly the strongest on the gridiron.——Cornell and Lehigh buried the hatchet on Saturday, and the Ithaca boys buried their opponents by a score of 24–0. It was the biggest day in Cornell's athletic history, and will create great local enthusiasm in the game. Cornell shows surprising form, considering how they have practically worked out their own salvation.——Williams is playing a strong game, and recently defeated Technology, 30–0, in a much better contest than the score indicates. Nelson, Bothue, Street, and Garfield are considered as strong in their positions as any in the New England League.——Amherst and Dartmouth's tie, 14–14, makes the New England contest still more interesting. The teams are evenly matched and the rivalry intense. There is as much enthusiasm at these New England League matches as at the Yale-Princeton-Harvard game, proportionately.——The necessity that compelled the disbandment of Columbia's eleven, viz., lack of support, is a disgraceful reflection on the undergraduates. If they won't support the eleven, it augurs badly for the extensive new grounds just completed at Williamsbridge.——The eleven of the New York Athletic Club deserves a better fate than it received on Saturday, and would probably have held the M. A. C. closer but for the loss of Wurtemburg, who was the captain and life of the team.

Caspar W. Whitney.

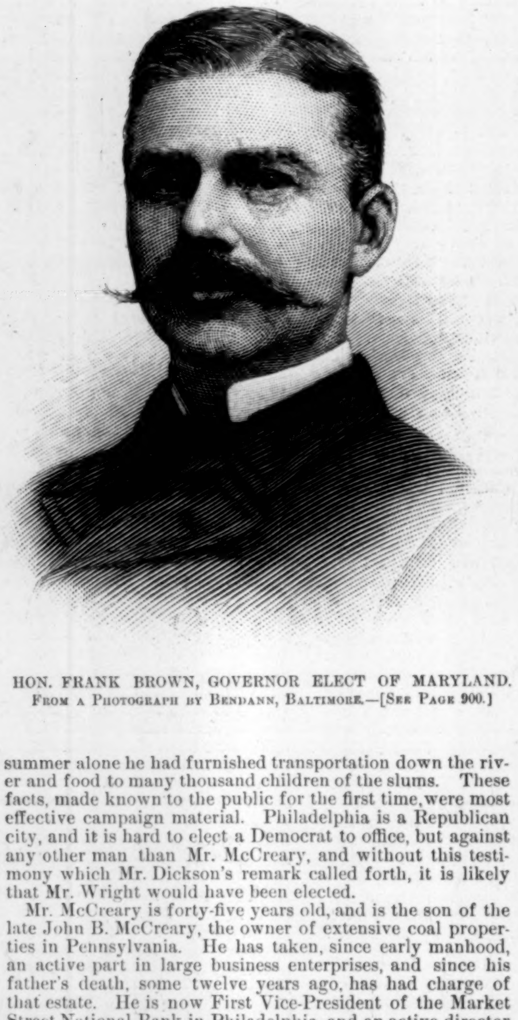
HON. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 900.]

HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY, JUN., GOVERNOR ELECT OF OHIO.—[See Page 900.]

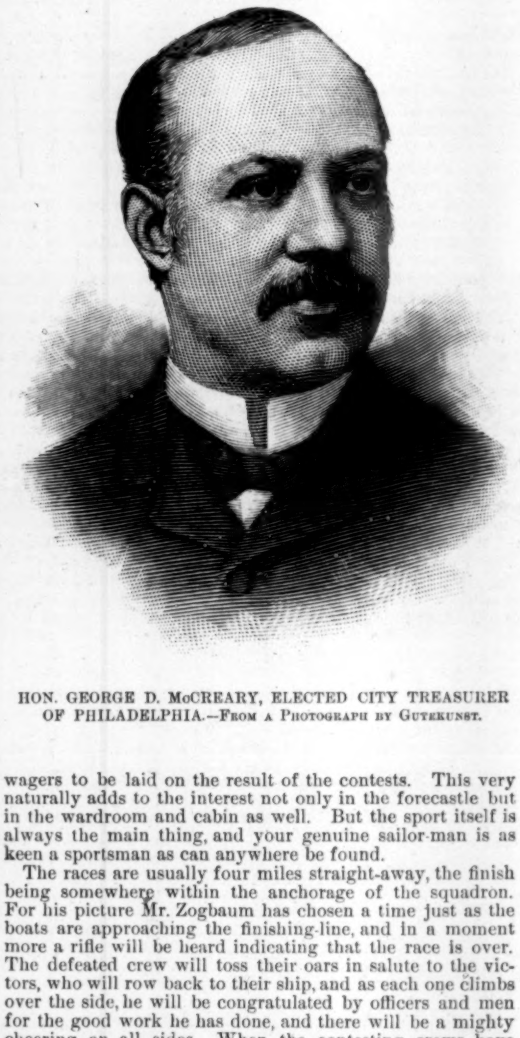
HON. HORACE BOIES, GOVERNOR RE-ELECT OF IOWA. [See Page 900.]



HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, GOVERNOR RE-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 900.]



HON. FRANK BROWN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MARYLAND. From a Photograph by Bendann, Baltimore.—[See Page 900.]



HON. GEORGE D. McCREARY, ELECTED CITY TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

MR. GEORGE D. McCREARY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The race for the City-Treasuryship in Philadelphia between Mr. George D. McCreary and Mr. William Redwood Wright excited an amount of interest which kept the voters of the Pennsylvania metropolis on a severe strain for several weeks before the election. The stealings of John Bardsley and his associates had wrought the citizens up to an unwonted degree, and there was a desire manifested by both parties that the person elected to the office which Bardsley held when he robbed the city and State must be a man incapable of dishonesty or official wrong-doing. It therefore came about that each party nominated a man who was beyond reproach. In a very recent issue of the Weekly there was printed a sketch of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Wright, who was appointed to the office by Governor Pattison to fill Bardsley's unexpired term. In that article it was said that both of the aspirants were ideal candidates, and that the funds of the city would be in good hands whichever of the gentlemen was elected. At that time Mr. Wright's chances to win were very bright, and many independents, led by Mr. Herbert Welsh, held that there was no better reason for turning a good and capable man out of a non-partisan office than a desire to put another man in. Had this been the only question raised in the canvass, it is likely that Mr. Wright would have been elected. But, unfortunately for him, one of his friends, in a political speech, made an unfortunate remark, which placed the speaker somewhat in the same attitude in which the late Dr. Burchard stood towards Mr. Blaine when he was running for the Presidency.

Mr. Samuel Dickson, the law partner of John C. Bullett, who drafted the bill which bears his name, and which defines the functions of the city officers of Philadelphia, spoke disparagingly of Mr. McCreary, because he was born, not with a silver, but a golden spoon in his mouth. The Republicans adopted this remark of Mr. Dickson as their rallying-cry during the campaign, and badges with a golden spoon upon it were worn by the McCreary adherents. Mr. McCreary, it may be explained, was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and has always been a rich man, but he has been most generous in the use of his wealth. Placards and posters showing a large golden spoon were distributed all over Philadelphia, and around the spoon Mr. McCreary's friends told what and how many hungry mouths it had fed. The list was a long one. Almost every public disaster and public charity had received a check from him, and in one summer alone he had furnished transportation down the river and food to many thousand children of the slums. These facts, made known to the public for the first time, were most effective campaign material. Philadelphia is a Republican city, and it is hard to elect a Democrat to office, but against any other man than Mr. McCreary, and without this testimony which Mr. Dickson's remark called forth, it is likely that Mr. Wright would have been elected.

Mr. McCreary is forty-five years old, and is the son of the late John B. McCreary, the owner of extensive coal properties in Pennsylvania. He has taken, since early manhood, an active part in large business enterprises, and since his father's death, some twelve years ago, has had charge of that estate. He is now First Vice-President of the Market Street National Bank in Philadelphia, and an active director in several large companies. This makes him a busy man, but he has always found time to take an active part in charitable work. He is Vice-President of the Franklin Reformatory Home; President of the Pennsylvania Humane Society; a director of the Sheltering Arms; Treasurer of the Philadelphia Sketch Club; trustee of the Sunday Morning Breakfast Association, etc. He is also an active teacher in one of the mission schools of the Protestant Episcopal Holy Trinity Church. The duties of City Treasurer may compel Mr. McCreary to curtail some of his business occupations, but it is not likely that he will ever give up any part of that voluntary work which has so endeared him to the people of his town.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY.

In a recent issue of the Weekly Mr. Zogbaum, who drew the spirited picture which is printed on the front page of this number, described the time-honored custom of boat-racing between crews selected from the sailors of the men-of-war of the American navy. His illustration then was of the challenge of one crew to another, and now we have the sequel in the race itself. While the naval officers do not actively participate in these races, they take a great interest in them, and do what they can to encourage the sport. They serve as starting and finishing judges, and see to it that the contests are conducted with fairness and courtesy. Wherever a squadron of the navy assembles, these races are sure to be rowed, and in them men and officers alike take just as keen interest as do the students and professors of rival colleges in the regattas which wind up the college sports every summer; and it is not at all unusual for little wagers to be laid on the result of the contests. This very naturally adds to the interest not only in the forecastle but in the wardroom and cabin as well. But the sport itself is always the main thing, and your genuine sailor-man is as keen a sportsman as can anywhere be found.

The races are usually four miles straight-away, the finish being somewhere within the anchorage of the squadron. For his picture Mr. Zogbaum has chosen a time just as the boats are approaching the finishing-line, and in a moment more a rifle will be heard indicating that the race is over. The defeated crew will toss their oars in salute to the victors, who will row back to their ship, and as each one climbs over the side, he will be congratulated by officers and men for the good work he has done, and there will be a mighty cheering on all sides. When the contesting crews have nearly reached the starting-point, permission is given to the men to go aloft, and the rigging is soon alive with anxious and excited watchers, who from their lofty perch get a good view of the whole course. Cheer follows cheer from the ship whose boat is ahead, and every man aboard, from captain to dust-hole boy, is proud of the work his crew is doing. When the contesting crews have returned, and been congratulated or condoled with as to their good or bad fortune, order once more reigns aboard ship, and the discipline, which for a little while was relaxed, is now resumed.

There is nothing official in these races, and the crews are made up, as a rule, by general consent. Some old quartermaster is usually made the captain of the crew, and he selects his men after a careful observation of their capacity in drills, and at other times when oars have to be used. These crews do not have to go through a long course of training for these contests, as do the young gentlemen of the colleges. The blue-jackets on a man-of-war are always in training, and are about as ready one day as another for a long pull and a hard race. When the North Atlantic Squadron was near New London last summer, off Fishers Island, the *Chicago* held the championship of the fleet. She was challenged by the crew of the *Newark*, but succeeded in maintaining her supremacy. In the fleet at that time there were the *Chicago*, *Newark*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, *Concord*, *Vesuvius*, and the torpedo-boat *Cushing*. After the victory of the *Chicago* over the *Newark*, a general regatta was arranged, and all the boats, of whatever class, were started at the same time. The *Chicago* again won in her class, but the whale-boat of the *Yorktown* surprised every one by finishing with the cutters. When several fleets are together at one place, races between the crews of

the ships of various nations are not infrequent.

It is pleasant to be able to say that in these friendly contests the Yankee tars have always been able to give a good account of themselves. Judged by the yarns told in forecastle and wardroom of American ships, one would think that the Yankees have always won, but it is more than likely that as stories of defeat are not as interesting either to tell or to hear as those of victory, the unlucky contests have been forgotten, and only those of more fortunate ending remembered.

PENNSYLVANIA R.R. CO.'S NEW STATION AT JERSEY CITY.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is just completing a mammoth train-shed and passenger station at Jersey City. For years the crossings through that city were a constant source of terror and anxiety to the residents and the railroad company; and yet when the company sought permission to elevate its tracks it encountered a tremendous opposition, which led to one of the most edifying municipal rows ever known; and while the railroad people finally triumphed, the construction was set back an entire year, during which time several people were killed or maimed at the grade crossings. The improvement really extends out as far as the "Bergen Cut," part of it being an embankment; within a short distance after the road-bed enters Jersey City it becomes an iron structure similar to the elevated road in this city, but twice as heavy. The elevated road in Jersey City is about 3000 feet long over its whole length, extending out as far as Waldo Avenue. All the intermediate streets, such as Brunswick, Monmouth, Varick, Jersey Avenue, Henderson Street, and Newark Avenue, are crossed by a single span. Work was begun on the shed last November, just about a year ago; it is claimed to be the largest unsupported roof in the world. The following figures, too, substantially prove this claim:

The Pennsylvania Railroad span measures 256 feet, larger than the Grand Central span by nearly 50 feet. The St. Pancras span in London is only 239 feet. The height of the Pennsylvania shed is 90 feet to the centre of the span, though 20 feet additional can, properly speaking, be added to it if the ventilator, which runs the length of the building, is included. The length is 652½ feet. The four sections of glass for the roof, including the ventilator, required 90,000 square feet of one-quarter-inch rib plate-glass, while the sides are filled with ordinary sash glass; the 90,000 feet of glass cost about 14 cents a foot. These lights are not puttied in in the usual manner, but a patent English frame containing grooves or valleys capped with zinc has been imported expressly for the purpose. The greater part of the iron used in the construction comes from the celebrated Pencoyd Ironworks on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia. It is estimated that about 6,500,000 pounds, or 3250 tons, have been used for the train-shed alone. Each of the twelve girders has eight or more electric lights attached to it, while other lights are distributed about as occasion has demanded. The superstructure of the shed rests upon spiles capped with solid masonry of great strength, there being, all told, twenty-four of these spile foundations.

The floor area is about four acres. The waiting-rooms, which are now in process of construction, will occupy about the same site as the old one, but will be divided into two stories, the lower floor being devoted exclusively to immigrants. This will be a great boon to the travelling public, as a herd of Italian immigrants fresh from sunny Italy and Willis Island do not form very agreeable company while you are waiting for your train. When the old waiting-room burnt down, a temporary structure took its place; now it is claimed the new one is to excel anything in or around New York. Like the shed, it is built upon spile foundations. The old waiting-room burning to the water's edge made it necessary to take up many of the old spiles; this could only be done by the aid of divers, as these spiles are driven right into the river bank. The spiles are driven in clumps of six and four, the latter in the centre, and the clumps of six forming an outer circle; each spile is fifty feet long, and is thoroughly treated with creosote to protect them from the teredo, a small insect which has a fondness for spiles, but a horror of creosote. In all there are 276 of these spiles. Each clump of spiles is capped by a 12×12 inch beam, upon which is bolted a 12×12 inch block; upon this rests an iron upright 7×7⅞ inches, capped by a three-quarter-inch iron plate, upon which rest the 20-inch iron girders; upon these are placed the 14-inch floor beams, and thus is reached the floor of the main waiting-room.

The area of this room is 39×189–5, containing the necessary ticket offices, restaurant, and beer and wine room, lavatories, etc. It is to be finished throughout in dry selected chestnut and quartered oak, the company promising to make it one of the most elaborate and complete waiting-rooms in their service. Passengers will walk right from this room (on a level) to the train platforms, and also to the second story of the double-decked ferry-boats; then crossing by means of bridges at Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, escape the mud and traffic of West Street. One of the interesting features in the station proper is the two hydraulic baggage elevators, by which means the curious little baggage vans of the company—horse and all—are lowered to the floor below; their work is simply perfection. What this improvement will cost the company is largely conjecture, as their officials are always exceedingly reticent upon such details, but a fair estimate is about four millions; this, of course, includes the new ferry-boats, new bridges, and all of the new plant in Jersey City and New York.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

A WESTERN RAILROAD COLLISION.

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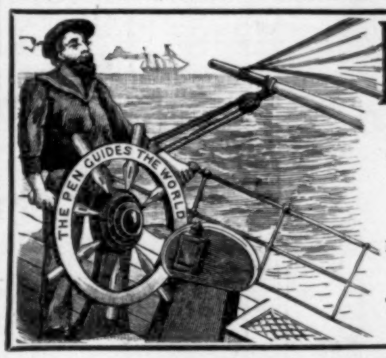

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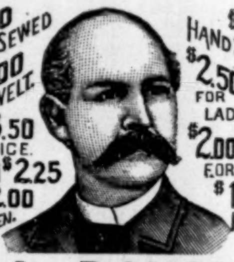

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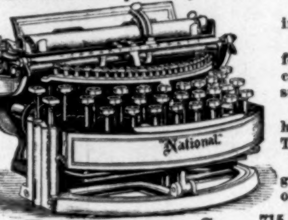

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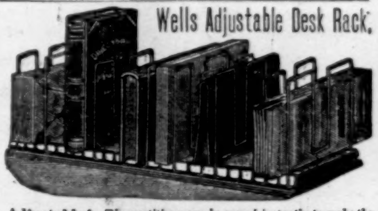

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